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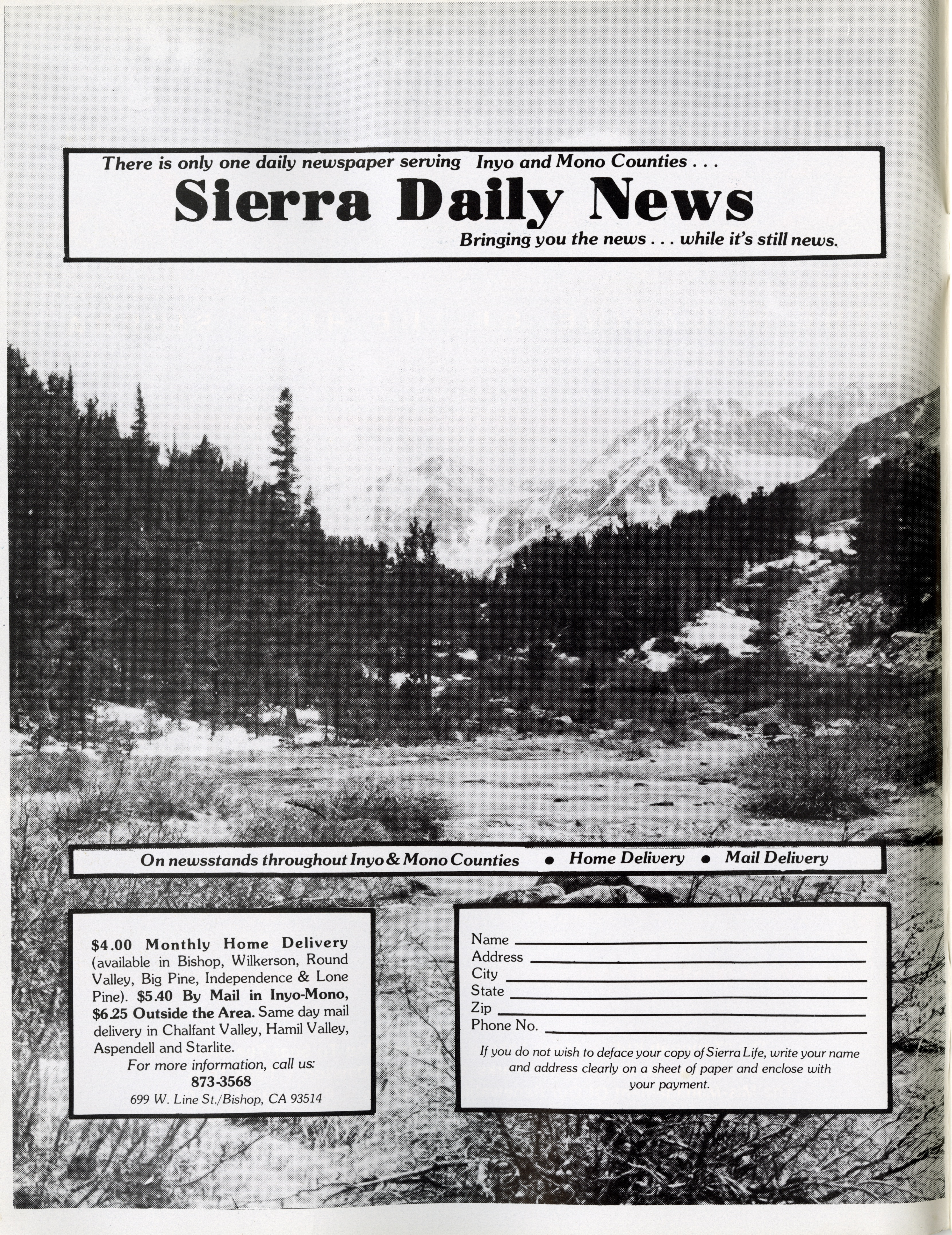
Sierra Life

THE MAGAZINE OF THE HIGH SIERRA

Richard Coons

The "Tonopah Kid" • Mono Lake • The First Men To Soar The Sierra
Black Bears In Our National Parks • Margaret Dawson • Pack Trips
The Mis-Management Of Our Renewable Resources • Prospecting For Gold
Robert Clunie • Mammoth Lakes • Climbing • Orchards Of Days Gone By



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From the Publisher

As you can see from the photo, your publisher has been keeping busy. That cute little guy on the right is Justin R. Pramann, newest edition to the Pramann family. I think he will make a fine executive editor. Of course, it will take a year or two for him to learn the job. The weary looking lady is what's left of your publisher after several weeks of "night" feedings.

There's something so special about a child that even the mighty Sierra dims in comparison. They come to us so full of trust. Giving so much and expecting so little in return. A little time . . . a little attention . . . a little love . . . the very things we want as we grow old. I hope we teach our children well.

It's great being back with you!

Sandie Pramann
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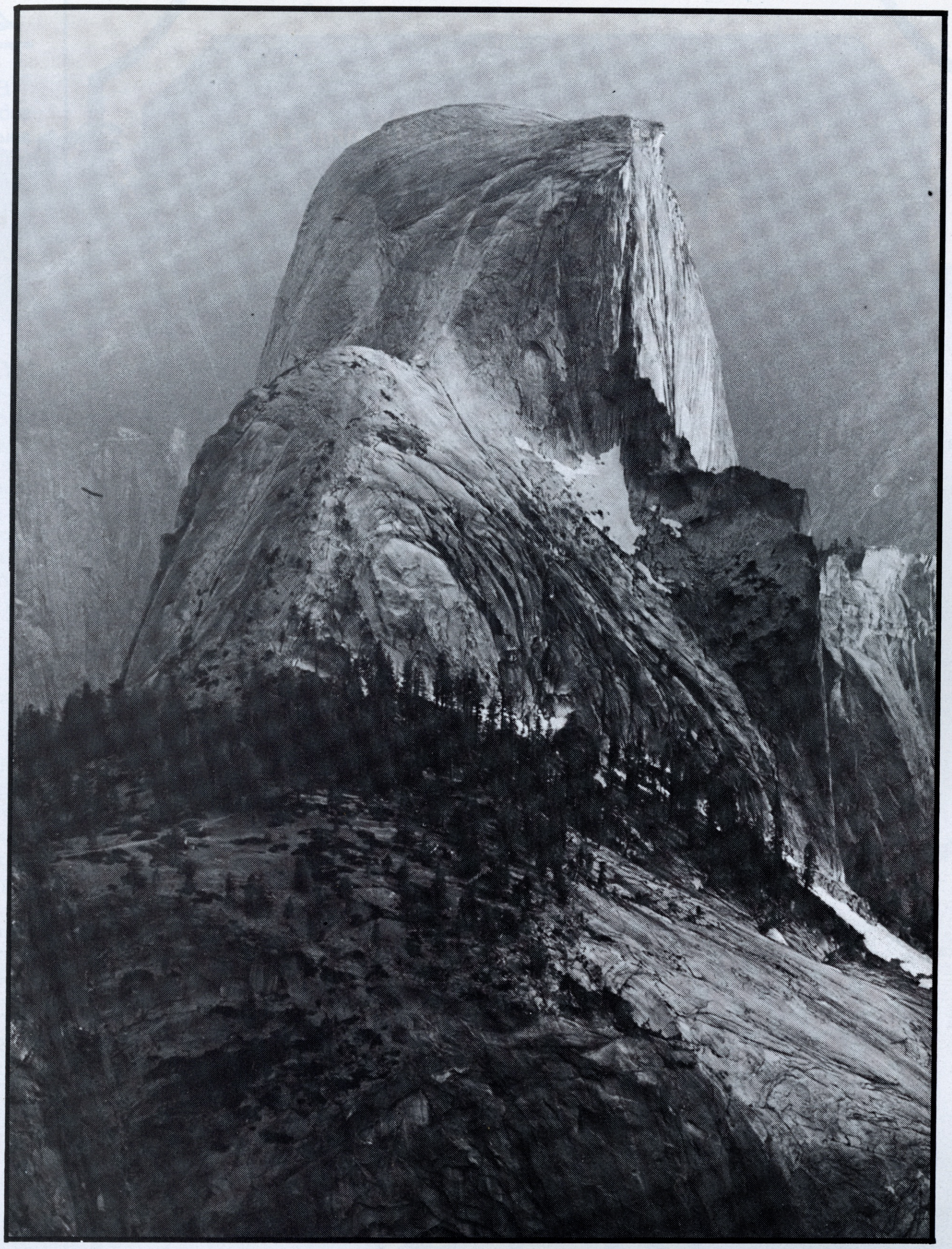

Half Dome, Yosemite National Park. Photo by Steve Tohari

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Letters to the Editor

Enclosed is our check for a year's subscription to your beautiful magazine. We saw your issues (at least some) at a friend's and fell in love with them. I have had a love affair with the Sierras since my childhood. I know your magazine can't "wash my soul" like an actual visit to the mountains but it surely will warm my insides. Thanks and we wish you great success.

Eveline Stickles
Bakersfield, CA

I recently picked up a copy of your magazine in a supermarket in Lone Pine, and as a frequent visitor to the Sierras was pleased to see someone producing a magazine about the area. . .As a freelancer and former editor myself, I can fully appreciate the work it takes to get a full-color magazine off the ground, especially in tight economic times. I sincerely would like to see Sierra Life succeed and get into regular monthly production.

Nancy Rachel Colton
Canoga Park, CA

Ed: Sierra Life is now being published bi-monthly. Thank you for your support.

I enjoyed reading your story about Jean and Chuck Satterfield. I was, however, surprised that you mention there are only two other schools such as theirs based in the Sierra. We have been in the mountaineering, backpacking and rock climbing teaching business for two summers now... based in Lone Pine.

I wanted...to add that your article on the PCT certainly brought back memories. Particularly Anza and its terrible pizza place where the Saturday entertainment for the locals was picking fights with the PCT hikers.

There really is no way to describe the PCT and the wonderful people you meet and the hardship and the pain that takes a year to leave. I think your article helps try to explain it, though.

Thank you for your fine magazine and I hope you can clarify the statement about the schools in the Sierra.

Sierra Wilderness Seminars
Arcata, CA

Ed: We apologize for the oversight, and will certainly include your school in future applicable articles.

On a recent trip to the Mammoth area, I picked up a copy of your publication and was extremely impressed with the high quality of the magazine. Please enter my subscription for one year. Also, do you have copies of back issues? I would like to obtain any that are available. Keep up the good work!

Barbara Ballard Van Houten
Wrightwood, CA

I think your magazine is incredible! Just what I need to get me through Arizona's summer. Please find enclosed my check for one year's subscription. Also, are back issues available? Keep up the good work (especially the photography).

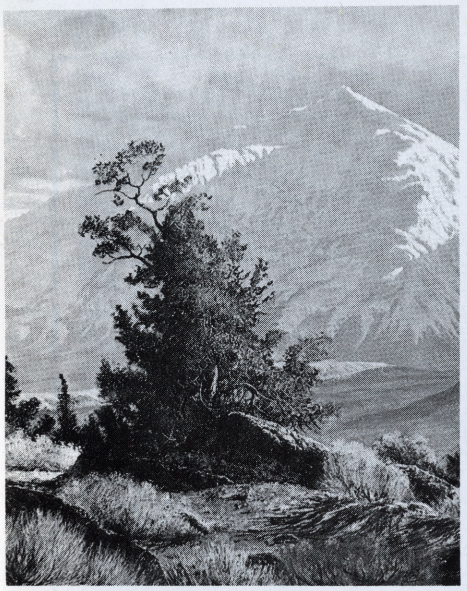
Ken Mazur
Phoenix, AZ

Ed: We have a limited number of back issues available at $2.00 each.

Sierra Life

THE MAGAZINE OF THE HIGH SIERRA

VOLUME III AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1983 NUMBER 1



Our cover was painted by Dick Coons of Bishop. Mt. Tom is shown from the top of Sherwin Grade just north of Bishop.

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Sierra Life Magazine is published bi-monthly by North Country Publishing, 699 West Line Street, Bishop, CA 93514. Telephone: (619) 873-3320. Controlled Circulation Postage Paid at Bishop, CA 93514. All contents Copyrighted 1983. All Rights Reserved. Reproduction in whole or part without written permission from the Publisher is prohibited. Application for Registered Trade Mark pending: ***Sierra Life The Magazine of the High Sierra.***

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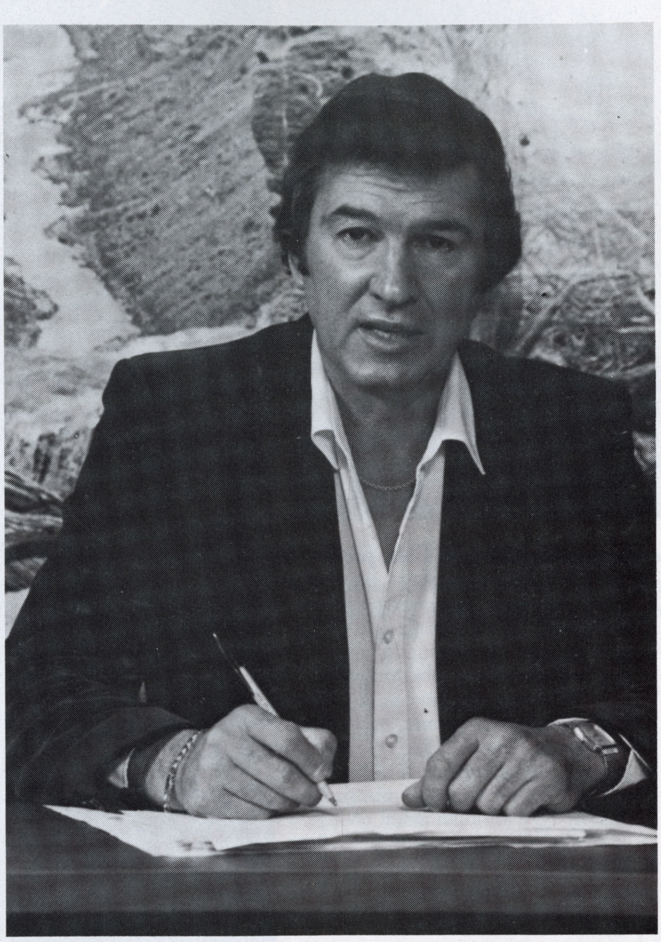
Sierra Profile

The Tonopah Kid

by Beverly Pillers

In 1981, the Tonopah Chamber of Commerce presented a plaque which read: "To 'The Tonopah Kid.' This plaque is hereby awarded to Robert W. Perchetti in sincere appreciation for your continued support, self-sacrifices and active participation in activities of the Chamber over many years. If it were not for your efforts, Tonopah would not be 'Tonopah' today."



Recipient of this award is a handsome, second-generation Tonopah native with a knack for getting things done.

Since his appointment as director of Tonopah's convention center in 1967 he has arranged over 100 meetings and conventions a year and promoted sports and social events that have become local traditions. Twelve years ago, he conceived the idea for Jim Butler Days, one of Nevada's most popular celebrations that attracted more than 5,000 visitors to Tonopah last May. "Tonopah attracts people who enjoy the hospitality of a small town," said Perchetti. "We have a rich history, lots of local color and there's always something to do. Geographically, we're the natural hub of Nevada and almost certain to become the most popular convention town in the State."

Another successful Perchetti promotion is the annual Jack Dempsey Fight Festival, a fund raiser for Tonopah youth activities that brings fighters and fans from everywhere. As to the weeks of work necessary for staging the event, Perchetti says it is a "labor of love," and a fulfillment of his own life-long interest in sports.

As a high school sophomore, Bob Perchetti was a member of the basketball team that won a state championship for Tonopah in 1954. In 1955 and 1956, he was selected to All-Conference and All-State basketball rosters. In his junior year he ran a 4.48 mile, a scholastic record that was not broken until 1979, almost 25 years later. Now, at age 44, he belies his looks and actions. In his role of local sports director he organizes and coaches the town basketball and softball leagues, plans tournaments and, with a fast change of hats, suits up for both sports.

"I don't mind being the oldest player on the team," says Perchetti. "It keeps me in shape. It also sets an example for the sedentary types who complain about having nothing to do in a small town."

Perchetti says with typical assurance, "There's always a way to get things done. Because Tonopah people are willing and resourceful, we've managed to have things like grass on our football field, an annual kids' fishing derby, Pop Warner football, Little League, parks and a swimming pool. Right now we're working with Anaconda Corporation on plans to build a multi-million dollar sports complex that will be the finest of any small town in the State."

Perchetti's most ambitious community project, which earned him the title, "Tonopah Kid," was launched in 1967 as the First Antique Bottle Show. "We're right here in the middle of the best bottle-hunting area and everyone has a collection so I figured it couldn't miss. I invited the rock hounds and gun collectors and just about one hundred percent of the town was involved. We had over 1,000 visitors that first year and it kept on growing."

In 1971, Tonopah was still a small town that made up in spirit for what it lacked in size. What that spirit did for the bottle show is Bob Perchetti's story.

"I was having coffee with Jim Younghans, president of the Chamber of Commerce, and he commented that the

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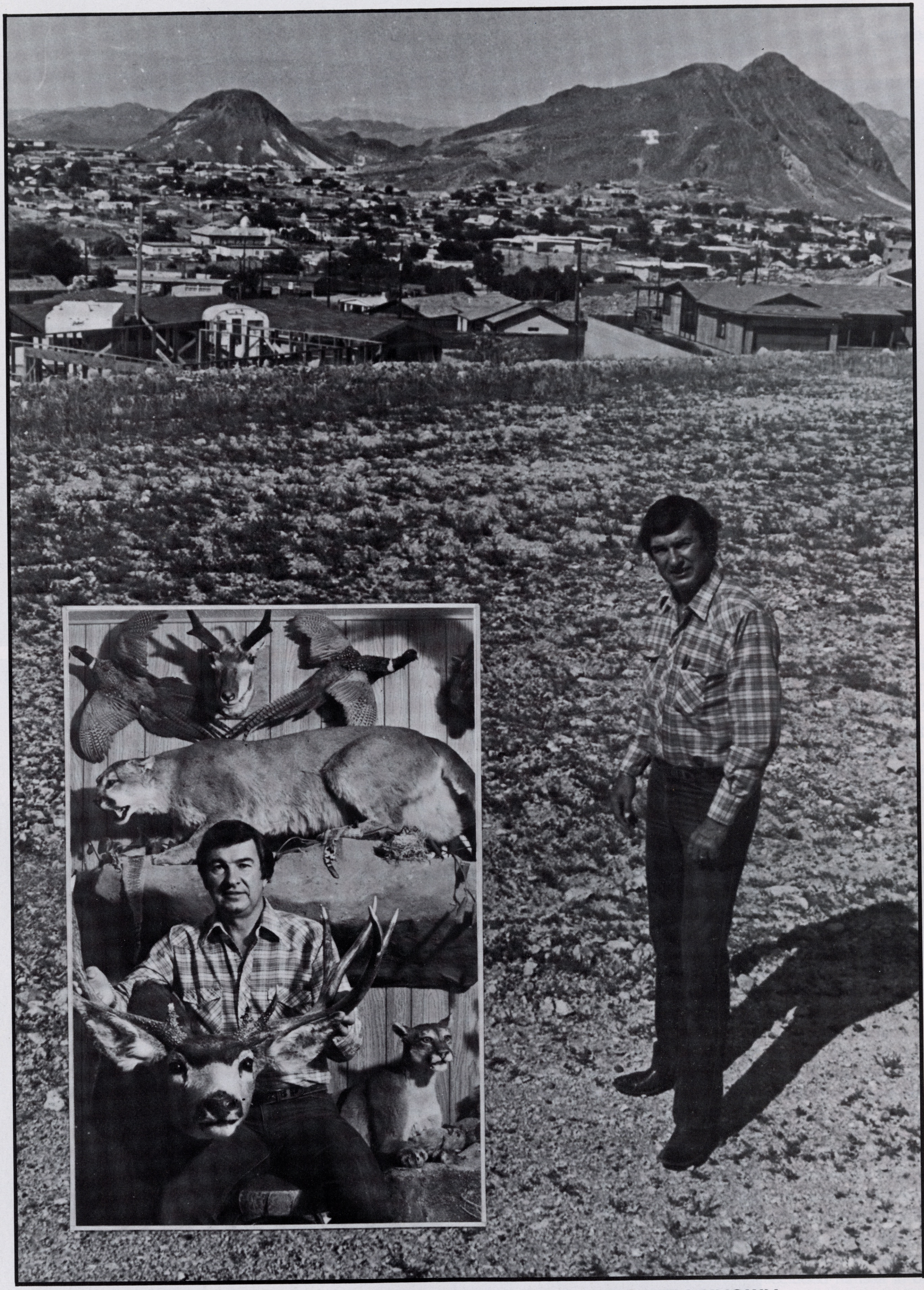
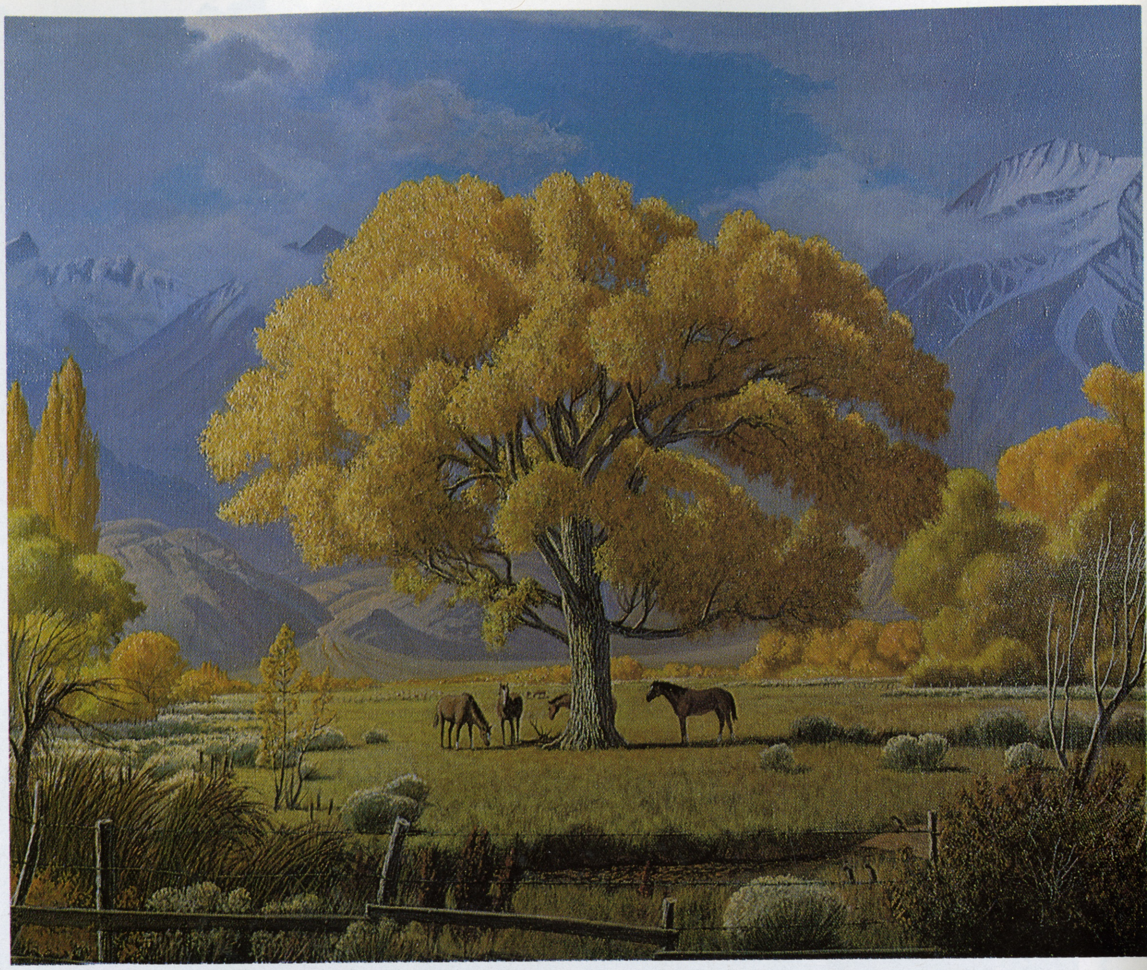
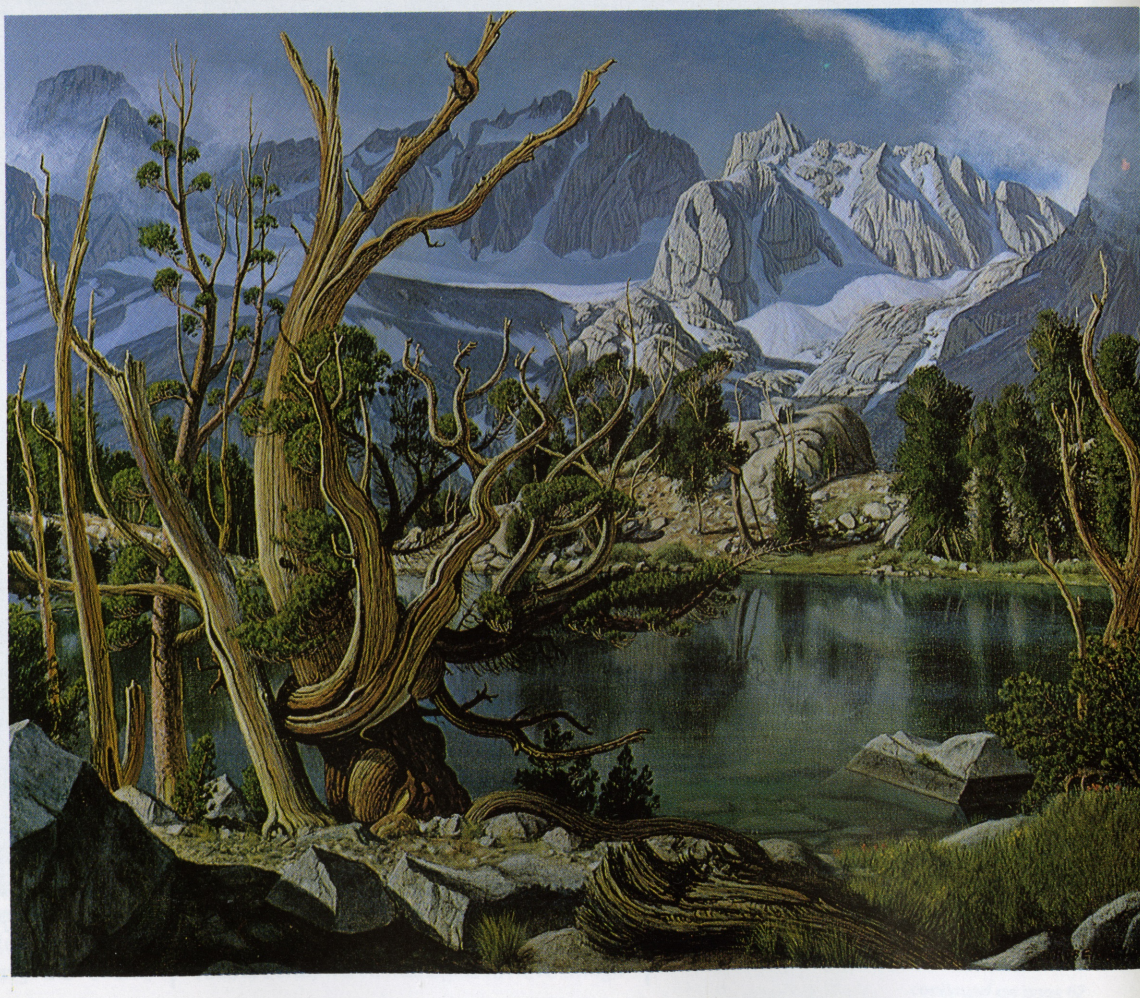
Photos by Beverly Pillers



BOB PERCHETTI IS AN AVID SPORTSMAN AND WELL-KNOWN FOR HIS MANY ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN NEVADA



The Lone Cottonwood Tree 30″ x 36″



White Bark Pine at Summit Lake (11,300′) August morning. 30″ x 36″

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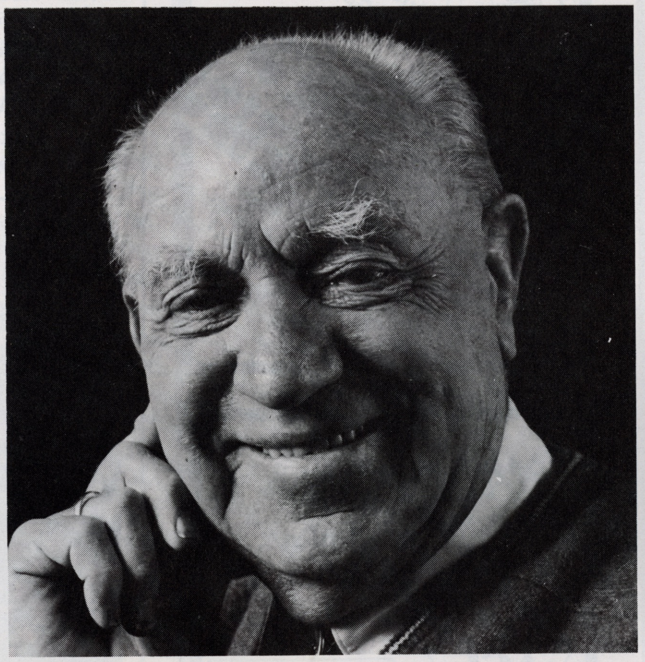
ROBERT CLUNIE

A Man For All Seasons



A recent photo of Robert Clunie by Bill Kelsey

**"Master, stand I before this great masterpiece.
To the extent that I may be worthy,
may I find the truth and so record it."**

by Jane Fisher

Thus reflected Robert Clunie before the majestic peaks and high lake basins of the Sierra Nevada. A large man, noble of mein, voice and philosophy, Clunie's life and works epitomize the serene timelessness of the mountains.

"Luminosity," wrote the late Margaret Phillips, "is an outstanding quality of Clunie paintings. It is also a dominant quality of his mind. At the high mountain elevations where he painted, the air is clear and sight keen. That quality of clear sight remains the measure of his life."

Painting at 11,000 feet necessitated making the best use of every short day of brief summer.

"I had to arrange a painting time schedule," he says. "This is how it was: morning painting at sun up. Come in and cook breakfast. Paint at mid-day on another painting. Then on a third one in the afternoon or evening. This made the most of my time. When it rained, I made a shelter with plastic and clothespins on my large umbrella, because storms can be very fine and there is no lost time."

Clunie used turpentine washes in a quasi-watercolor technique and added final details in heavier pigment in his studio.

"The architecture must be painted up there, because nobody can make it up. It is beyond mankind. All that you do later is the finishing," he explains, "but you must never violate the architecture you have brought in.

"I painted for sixty months at the North Palisade above Big Pine, California, working each summer in a camp located on the rise between Fourth Lake and Fifth Lake, beginning around 1930. Now it is February, 1983, and I have not been back for quite a few years."

Robert Clunie was born in Eaglesham, Renfrew Shire, Scotland, where his father was Head Gamekeeper for the Gilmore Estate. Young Róbert's career began when the family moved to Berwickshire, Scotland, and he was befriended by the son of Sir James Simpson, surgeon and inventor of chloroform at Edinburgh College. Simpson had a fine art education and recognized the boy's talent. He insisted Robert paint for five years exclusively in black and white. "This will develop in you a sense of values which will be yours forever, so long as you may paint," he advised.

Clunie took this advice seriously and at the age of 13, was described by his mentor as having more natural talent than the artist had ever before seen.

At a little school out on the moors of Scotland, Robert continued his education in geometry, Latin and world history, but obtained special permission to draw the rivers, mountains, cities and scenes about which he studied. Clunie's first public acclaim came when the school inspector took his work on a showing to other schools in the district.

The family moved to Saginaw, Michigan in 1911 and at 18, Clunie began a seasonal job decorating farm machinery.

"That fellow Simpson told me,'If you cannot go to art school, then indeed paint. Paint anything at all, wagons, automobiles — anything you do with a brush and paint!'" And paint he did: china, buggies, old Packard automobiles, houses, and in 1918 moved to California, where he painted scenery for Metro Studios, later Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But he never stopped painting pictures.

In his early twenties, his thoughts of fine adventure quickly changed from Australia and New Zealand to marriage, when he met the beautiful Myrtle Isabel Ireland, who became his wife in 1920. He continued to do some commercial kinds of painting — interior decorating, dioramas and fair exhibits and camouflage for the Navy during World War II. In 1947 he moved to Bishop, California, with his wife and son, Robert Kent, now a professor at DeAnza College in Santa Clara County. Clunie designed and built their home, where he still lives, alone since the death of his beloved companion in 1981.

Paintings by Robert Clunie were shown in all major exhibits through 1955, winning more than thirty awards in competition with celebrated members of the National Academy of Design. Since 1945, he has taken only exclusive commissions and has deliberately secluded himself in order to devote his entire time to painting.

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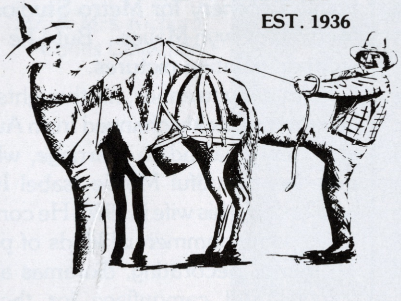

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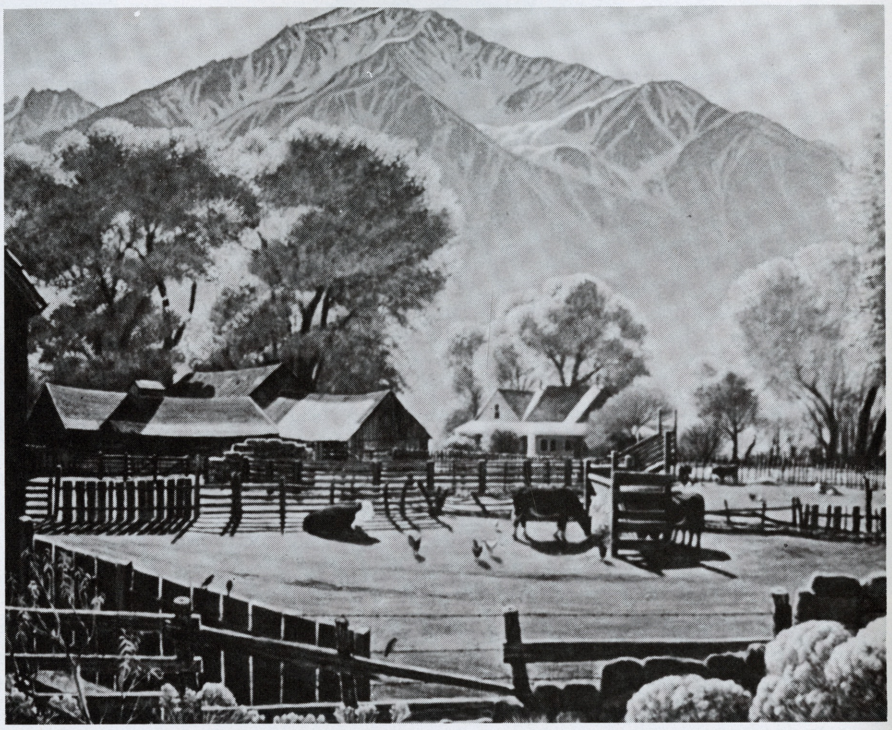
***Robert Clunie** continued*

Clunie is recognized as one of the world's foremost landscape artists. His biography has appeared in more than thirty volumes of Who's Who in American Art, Who's Who in California, and Who's Who in Western America. He has achieved international recognition in the Dictionary of International Biography; as a Life Fellow, International Biographical Association; he is listed in Men of Achievement, International Platform Association; he is an Honorary Member of the Alpine Association and has been a Board Governor of the Academy of Western Painters.



Mt. Tom from Evan Ranch, Round Valley, Bishop, California

Today, his work is seen in schools, hospitals, universities, libraries and collections, both public and private. Some hang in Santa Barbara, Los Angeles County, and California State museums.

Circumspect and dedicated to a life of painting, Clunie will seldom admit to his shows and honors. He can be induced, sometimes, to talk about his philosophy, his hobbies, or the beautiful places he paints. He believes that just as a painter must strive for balance in his compositions, so must he compose his life with periods of rest and of activity. He plays tennis, enjoys golf, chess, fly fishing and hiking.

He came to know the Palisade Basin as well as anyone could. "Many friends visited me in my 'Big Rock' camp. I had to build two more fireplaces and the 11,000 foot altitude bothered a few. But when it soared to 100 degrees in the Owens Valley, it was always perfect up in camp," he recalls.

He was visited and respected by prominent mountain men, writers, scientists and businessmen. In 1940 he had painted the portrait of Alfreda Teague, whose husband was Chairman of the Board of Sunkist Growers. When the Teagues visited his camp, the wooden crates bearing their gifts of oranges and grapefruit made a valuable contribution to the furnishings. When William Henry Price visited, Clunie introduced him to painting as a way to make his life more interesting.

"I told him then," he says, "that if the good Lord did not want me to paint, he should quit bothering me. My desire to paint has never changed, from childhood to age 87 at this time."

He fed the ground squirrels and chipmunks. They all had names and he came to recognize them and they to trust him. Whenever he returned to camp in July, he called to them and they appeared for their easy summer living. He only fished for what he needed to eat. "Since I am the son of a Scottish Gamekeeper, I could fly fish well enough, wet or dry," he proclaims.

"It is natural to me in my blood to love the granite mountains and the rushing torrents, reverting to what belongs in my Scottish background."

Most of the time he was sublimely alone in his mountain studio, to paint and develop his philosophy of art and life, which were always consistent: "In the mountains there is an education from the

continued on next page. . .

Robert Clunie continued

Master Artist in the creation of the universe. The stronger and more bold the composition of the mountains, the gentler the flowers and ferns. Without balance there is nothing at all. The world is so perfectly balanced that it is an example of perfection. I find perfection here and my job is to try, if possible, to interpret it in a personal way. The search is its own reward. It is not necessary that people accept your paintings. The essential thing is to find truth."

Robert Clunie, as philosopher and painter, is uncompromising in integrity. He uses only the finest of materials, believing it is not right to record the Master's works in a medium that will not endure. "I do not sell," he says. "My friends buy."

"I do not use or carry a camera. I consider their use unethical." Yet he believes the lens which is his eye and the lens which is the camera have one job in common. "They must give the truth."

He maintains a list of those who commission his paintings. He has two conditions: if you apparently have a shortened time to enjoy, your name rises to top priority; the painting is exclusively your own, not to be sold for profit in his lifetime.

"Throughout history, the art of the people is the philosophy of the people," Clunie will tell you. "If you take that away, there is not much left. The art of America, the art of mankind, as a form of communication, can be no better than their philosophy. You have to have a dedicated belief and search for truth fundamental. Else why paint? I do not impose my ideas on the perfection before me."

His high camp became well-stocked, with seven mule loads of equipment. He cached his gear when he left each fall, storing it in metal trash containers. Soon after 1967, the mountains were no longer a place of honorable mountaineers, and his material was rummaged and strewn all over the area. The Forest Service ordered him to carry it all out.

"When I came down to the Valley once again to mingle with others, I was made aware of how superficial life was, mostly in towns and cities. Yet both have their necessary values to give for better living. To be a well adjusted person, one must experience the busy and the silent facets of life. I carry the silent part when I finish my work in my studio."

Robert Clunie: "The beauty and perfection God has created with his universe is a constant source of wonder to this person. It is indeed a great gift to have life. I have tried to record what I see and feel with brushes and paint. However, I have been quite aware of my limitations." ●

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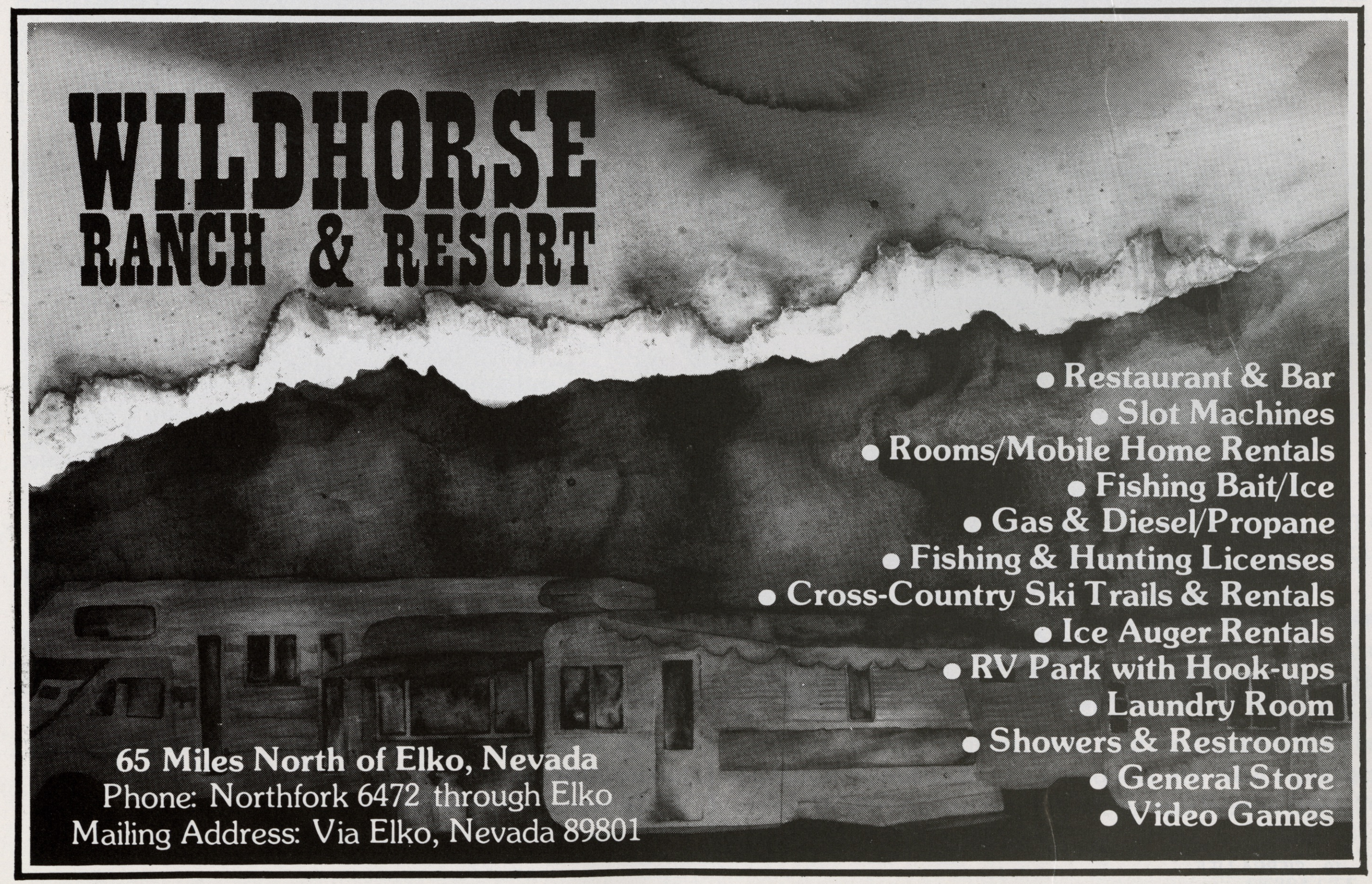

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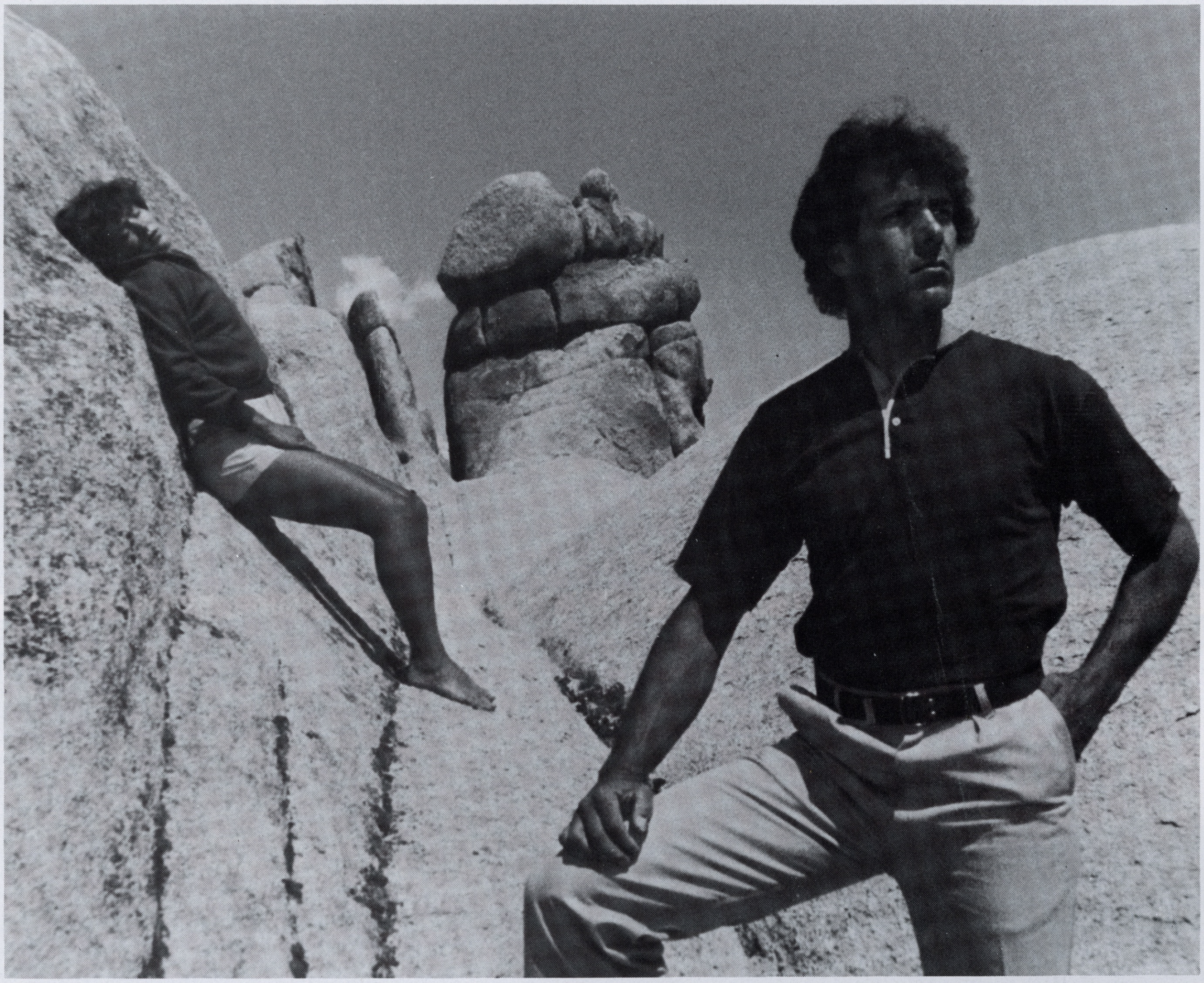

Photography by Jim Stroup

High Fashion . . . Sierra Style

(Left) As they rest, our lady wears the Duffle Company's cotton sweater, about $33.00, shorts by Sportif, about $31.00, a full-zippered Mountain Parka by Because It's There, about $121.00, Nike's Lava Dome boots, about $63.00, and wool ragg socks by Woolrich, about $7.00.

Our gentleman wears a cotton denim chamoix shirt by Woolrich, about $25.00, a pullover Mountain Parka by Because It's There, about $111.00, the Sportif cotton shorts, about $20.00. Boots are by Rocky Boot, about $81.00; socks are the ragg sock by Woolrich, about $7.00, and his sunglasses by Vaurnet, about $61.00. All items from The Outfitter in the Minaret Village Shopping Center, Mammoth Lakes and at the "Y" Shopping Center in South Lake Tahoe.

(Above) Her: Our model is wearing the Patagonia women's pile pullover sweater, about $51.00, and women's stand up shorts by Royal Robbins, about $30.00. Him: He is wearing the cotton men's Tshirt by Royal Robbins, about $14.50, canvas Climbing Pant by Royal Robbins, about $29.00, belt by Royal Robbins, $3.95. The boots are Nike Approach, about $67.00. All are from Wheeler and Wilson Boot, 206 North Main Street, Bishop, CA.

Mono's Endangered Moonscape

...A Self-Guided Tour Around Mono Lake

***Photos** of Mono Lake by Patty Van Dolsen*

by David Gaines

To motorists speeding by on Highway 395, Mono Lake seems as barren and lifeless as it did to Mark Twain a century ago, when he called it "the dead sea of the west." But pause and you will find broad, sandy beaches, young volcanic islands, vast flocks of birds and strange but delicate tufa (mineral) formations like nothing else on earth. "We never dreamt this was here," exclaim visitors. "This should be a national park!"

Situated 25 miles north of Mammoth and just east of Yosemite, Mono is the oldest, most life-productive and extraordinary lake in North America. Twice the size of San Francisco, it stretches 13 miles east-west by 8 north-south, and reaches a maximum depth of 150 feet. For at least a million years, its blue, salty waters have reflected the snow-clad wall of the Sierra Nevada. Volcanoes have exploded from its depths, spawning lava-strewn islands. Hot springs steam along its shores. In its briny waters a unique brine shrimp thrives in phenomenal abundance, nourishing millions of birds. Gulls flock to its islands to raise their young, bringing the sounds of the sea to the continent's dry interior. A dreamy, spell-like spirit pervades the lake, heightened by spires of tufa which seem to belong on a distant planet.

One evening several years ago friends and I watched a sunset glorify the Mono Lake landscape. Tufa, volcanoes, mountains and clouds glowed in the lake's prismatic water, while birds called softly from its shores. "If only people knew Mono's magic," we thought, "destroying the lake would be inconceivable."

Through this self-guided tour, I hope to share this magic with you. The tour begins at the Mono Lake County Park on the lake's northwestern shore, and concludes at the spectacular South Tufa Grove in the new Mono Lake Tufa State Reserve. Allow about half a day to complete the tour. Bring a hat and sunscreen to temper the sun and glare. Wear walking shoes that don't mind getting wet. Plan on a swim in Mono's buoyant water and a picnic among its tufa spires.

While at the lake, be sure to visit the Mono Lake Information Center in Lee Vining. The exhibits and slide program will enhance your appreciation and enjoyment. The staff will be happy to answer questions and help you plan your visit. The Center, operated by the Mono Lake Committee and the Lee Vining Chamber of Commerce, is open to the public free of charge.

During the summer the Mono Lake Committee conducts free, guided half-day tours. Scheduled every Saturday and Sunday from June 12th through September 19th, the tours meet at 9 a.m. at the Mono Lake County Park. Advance reservations are not required, and children are welcome. Weather permitting, the tours include canoeing among the tufa. For more information, call the Committee at 619-647-6386.

MONO LAKE COUNTY PARK

The Mono Lake County Park is situated off Highway 395 six miles north of Lee Vining. Nestled along a small stream and shaded by cottonwoods, it is an idyllic picnic spot. Old apple trees mark the site as a pioneer homestead. Like so many farms in the eastern Sierra, it was purchased by the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power (DWP) to secure water rights. Since 1973 DWP has leased the land to Mono County for use as a park.

The way to the lake is soggy in spots, so wear waterproof boots or resign yourself to wet shoes and socks. Stay to the left of the small creek and follow the path through boggy meadows, bright with iris in June, to the first tufa towers.

The improbable mineral formations have been described as "giant towers of cemented cauliflower" and "science-fiction art... the cities of some intelligent and artistic extraterrestrial termite." Their artistry is unrivalled. In other alkaline bodies of water, such as Nevada's Pyramid Lake, tufa has formed mounts, veneers and pavements, but not the mushrooming rocks, knobby spires and pillared ruins that so enchant Mono Lake's visitors.

The tufa towers are built by fresh-water springs as they well up through Mono's brine. Calcium in the fresh water combines with carbonates in the lake, forming tufa, which is chemically identical to limestone. Over time the deposits accumulate and are sculpted by currents and waves. As the lake recedes, they are marooned along its shores.

You can follow the creek through the tufa almost to the lakeshore. The salty air, the lap of the waves and cries of the gulls all combine to evoke the ocean.

Like the ocean, Mono Lake lacks an outlet. It occupies the bottom of a deep, bathtub-shaped depression cradled by young volcanoes and mountains. Water reaches the lake from snow-fed Sierran streams, but leaves only through evaporation into the atmosphere.

At the close of the Ice Ages, when glaciers melted up Sierran canyons, Mono Lake's basin filled to the brim and even overflowed into Owens, Panamint and ultimately Death Valleys. As recently as 13,000 years ago, the lake stood 900 feet above the shore on which you stand.

Before departing, notice the "bathtub-ring" of white alkali around Mono's shores. It marks the lake's shrinkage, not over millenia or even centuries, but during the last decade. Mono Lake is drying up, not due to natural causes, but because of the thirst of a distant metropolis.

WEST SHORE AND ISLANDS

From the County Park, return to Highway 395 and turn left past the Mono Inn. Built by the Wallis B. McPherson family in 1922, the Inn was a lively lakeside resort during the 1930's and 1940's. The Inn has changed ownership and is now a restaurant.

About one mile south of the Mono Inn, you pass the brine shrimp processing plant operated by Jungle Labs. Approximately 250 tons of shrimp are harvested each summer — an infinitesimal fraction of the

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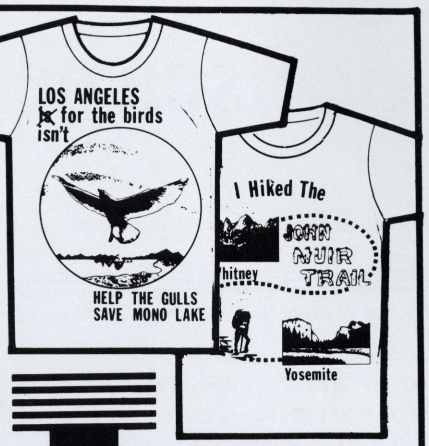

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***Mono Lake** continued*

lake's population. Brought in by boat, the half-inch shrimp are packaged and marketed as fish food.

Two miles further south, just before the highway climbs to Lee Vining, is the site of the Mono Lake Marina. Back in the 1950's and 1960's this was a popular swimming beach, picnic spot and boat launch. In those days Mono's waters extended nearly to the highway, and its shores were margined by grassy meadows. Now a broad strip of white, alkali-encrusted muck separates the weathered docks from what is left of the lake.

Looking east across Mono's waters, the black lava of Negit Island contrasts with Paoha Island's tawny bluffs. Within the last thousand years both islands rose from the lake amidst fiery clouds of steam and ash.

"Paoha" are diminutive spirits having long, wavy hair, that are sometimes seen in vapor wreaths ascending from hot springs.

Negit and Paoha were named by one of America's most brilliant geologists, Israel C. Russell, more than a century ago. "It was suggested," he wrote, "that the difference in color might be used, but the writer preferred to record some of the poetic words from the language of the aboriginal inhabitants of the valley." "Negit," appropriately, is a Paiute word for "gull." "Paoha" are "diminutive spirits, having long, wavy hair, that are sometimes seen in the vapor wreaths ascending from hot springs," such as those on the white island's south shore.

Paoha has seen its share of homesteaders. Back in 1884 a Frenchman tried hatching chickens on the island's sulfurous steam vents. In the 1910's, before constructing Mono Inn, the McPhersons raised goats, rabbits and vegetables on its lonely shores. In the 1940's a sanitarium came and went. Only the wind dwells there today.

Lee Vining sits on a delta formed during the last ice age. At that time Mono Lake stood as high or higher than the town. Lee Vining Creek swept tons of glacier-quarried rock and gravel down its canyon, building the delta out into the ice-age lake.

Food, film, gas, accommodations and other visitor services are readily available. The town name commemorates the prospector Leroy Vining, who became Mono's first white settler in 1853. In the early 1860's he operated a sawmill in the canyon that likewise bears his name, hauling lumber to the boom town of Aurora. He met an untimely end, accidentally shooting and killing himself with his own revolver in an Aurora saloon.

THE SOUTH TUFA GROVE

To reach Mono Lake's spectacular south shore, drive five miles south from Lee Vining on Highway 395, then turn east onto Highway 120, the road to Benton. On the way, notice the fresh-looking, horizontal swatch cut on the hillside to the west. This marks the route of the Los Angeles Aqueduct as it transports Lee Vining Creek to Grant Lake, a holding reservoir on Rush Creek. On the way it also collects water from Parker and Walker Creeks. From Grant Lake Reservoir, the diverted water flows through a tunnel under the Mono Craters, into the Owens River and on to Los Angeles.

Just south of the Grant Lake turnoff (Highway 158), Highway 395 dips and crosses Rush Creek, once Mono Lake's largest tributary stream. Stumps and snags are all that remain of the aspens and pines that once lined its banks. A trout stream has become a wash.

Mono Lake is likewise dying of thirst. Diversions are now taking 80% of the water from its tributary streams. As a result, the lake is dropping an average of 18 inches a year. Since diversions began, it has fallen 46 vertical feet, its volume has been halved, its salinity has doubled and over 20 square miles of lakebottom have been laid bare to the sun and wind.

Follow Highway 120 six miles east, then turn left onto the graded dirt road that leads to South Tufa. A sign marks the turnoff. On the way, enjoy the dramatic views of the Mono Craters, a chain of young volcanoes that have erupted in recent centuries and may do so again in our lifetimes.

The South Tufa Grove is part of the new Mono Lake Tufa State Reserve, managed jointly by the California Department of Parks and Recreation and the U.S. Bureau of Land Management. It has been closed to vehicles to protect its delicate tufa spires. A short walk through the grassy meadows leads to the tufa and the lakeshore.

Feel the water. It's slick and slippery. Moisten a finger and touch it to your tongue. The water is salty, but bitter, too. The salty taste is sodium chloride, ordinary table salt. The bitterness derives from carbonates (baking soda) and other substances. Salts and minerals washed

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Mono Lake continued

into the lake are concentrated as pure water evaporates. Over millenia, Mono has become three times as salty and eighty times as alkaline as the ocean.

If it is summertime, the water will be clear and filled with dancing brine shrimp. They feed on microscopic algae (green plants) too small to be seen by the naked eye. In September, after laying eggs that hatch the following spring, the adults die. Without shrimp to eat them, the algae grow so rapidly the lake turns green.

Harmless little brine flies abound along the lakeshore. The immature stages (larvae and pupae) which develop in the lake were harvested by Mono Basin's native people, the "Kuzedika Paiute" or "fly-pupae eaters." The Indian word "Mono" means "fly people" and "brine fly," not in the Paiute language, but in that of their Yokut neighbors. The Yokut, who dwelt in the Yosemite region, considered the flies a delicacy.

From May through October, uncountable numbers of birds gather to feast on the shrimp and flies. Mono's surface is peppered with grebes, gulls, shorebirds and ducks. At times you could literally walk across 13 miles of lake stepping from the back of one bird to the back of the next. About 50,000 California Gulls, 95% of the state's breeding population, nest on Mono's islands. As many as 80,000 Eared Grebes and 100,000 Wilson's Phalaropes gather at the lake during the peak of their migrations.

The abundance of birds is related to the absence of fish, which cannot survive in Mono's salty water. Without fish competing for shrimp and flies, the birds enjoy an inexhaustible food supply. As a consequence, the lake has become a vital link on a migratory bird flyway that stretches across the Americas. Birds pause for days or weeks, fattening in preparation for the long flights to come. Phalaropes, for instance, lay in stores of fat that double their weight and enable them to fly nonstop to Argentina and Peru! The birds cannot depend on other lakes, for they harbor fish and lack Mono's bounty of shrimp and flies. From a bird's perspective it's like undertaking a thousand-mile journey knowing only one gas station has the right kind of gas.

In years to come, however, birds may starve along Mono's shores. As the lake shrinks, its salts become ever more concentrated. Mono's shrimp, flies, algae

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***Mono Lake** continued*

and birds can thrive in saline, alkaline water up to a critical point, but not beyond. Unless DWP curtails its diversions, increasing salinity will poison Mono's inhabitants. The lake will become a sterile chemical sump.

It's already happening. Spring brine shrimp populations declined by approximately 50% in 1980, and by 85% - 95% in 1981. This paucity of shrimp came at a time when gull chicks were clamoring for food. As a consequence, 25,000 chicks — approximately 95% of the 1981 hatch — perished of starvation.

Take a moment to envision a shrunken, sterile Mono Lake. From where you now stand, it would be mud-slogging miles to the shore. Not a bird would greet you; not a shrimp would animate the lifeless water. Instead of clouds of birds there would be clouds of alkali dust.

For the present, however, Mono Lake retains much of its grandeur. Take an hour or more to stroll along the lakeshore. Rippled tufa pavements glisten with crystals; spires reach out of their watery reflections; warm springs betray volcanic fires simmering below.

About one mile east of South Tufa lies Navy Beach, a broad expanse of pumice sand. This is the best place to take a dip in Mono's salty water. Swimming is a delightfully buoyant experience, for it is virtually impossible to sink in the dense brine. Old-timers claim a soak cures almost anything. But keep the water out of eyes and cuts — it stings! After a float, rinse off the salts with fresh water.

CAN MONO LAKE BE SAVED?

The water diverted from Mono Lake amounts to less than 1/500th of California's supply. We have more than enough for people *and* places like Mono, if only we use existing supplies wisely and efficiently.

An Interagency Mono Lake Task Force, chaired by the California Department of Water Resources, has developed a plan for protecting the lake. The Task Force Plan is a compromise. It would not end diversions or restore the lake to pristine conditions. It would raise the lake to its 1970 elevation of 6,388 feet — high enough to safeguard island gull rookeries and reduce, but not eliminate, alkali dust pollution. Until the lake attains that elevation, the plan would reduce diversions by an average of 85,000 acre-feet per year.

The Task Force Plan requires no change in people's water-use habits, saves energy, and would cost Los Angeles

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residents about 54¢ per person per year—about a penny per week. In five to seven years, it would reduce Los Angeles' yearly thirst by more than the 85,000 acre-feet needed by the lake. How? Through the installation of low-flush toilets, water-saving devices, low-flow showerheads and flow restrictors, and through the reclamation of so-called wastewater for uses in irrigation, industry and groundwater recharge.

But DWP has fought the Task Force Plan, claiming that conservation and reclamation are "unrealistic," that "there is little potential for achieving the necessary additional conservation," and that the cost "in terms of water, energy and dollars is clearly unreasonable." At hearings before the California legislature, they claimed that "there is no scientific evidence whatsoever that the use by the City of Los Angeles of Mono Lake water is highly detrimental to Mono Lake," and that "the reliction of the lake does not destroy its beauty." Such distortions carry weight in Sacramento, where the credibility and clout of a powerful water agency eclipses that of scientists, citizens and a small rural county. Despite the Task Force, Mono Lake continues to die.

Frustrated by DWP's intransigence, Mono's supporters have turned to the courts and the legislature. A suit brought by the National Audubon Society, Mono Lake Committee, Friends of the Earth and Mono Basin residents is now before the California Supreme Court. Congressman Norman Shumway has introduced a bill, H.R. 5424, to establish a Mono Lake National Monument and study alternatives to continued water diversions. The Mono Lake Committee is urging Los Angeles residents to support an emergency moratorium on diversions this year.

Mono Lake's plight reminds us of the connection between our wasteful use of resources and the deteriorating health of our land. The choices are ours. Will we leave our children a wasteland, or a living lake set in the midst of natural splendor?

For further information on both sides of the Mono Lake controversy, contact:

Mono Lake Committee
PO Box 29/ Lee Vining, CA 93541
(619) 647-3686/ (619) 647-6360

Los Angeles Dept. of Water & Power
111 North Hope Street
Los Angeles, CA 90012

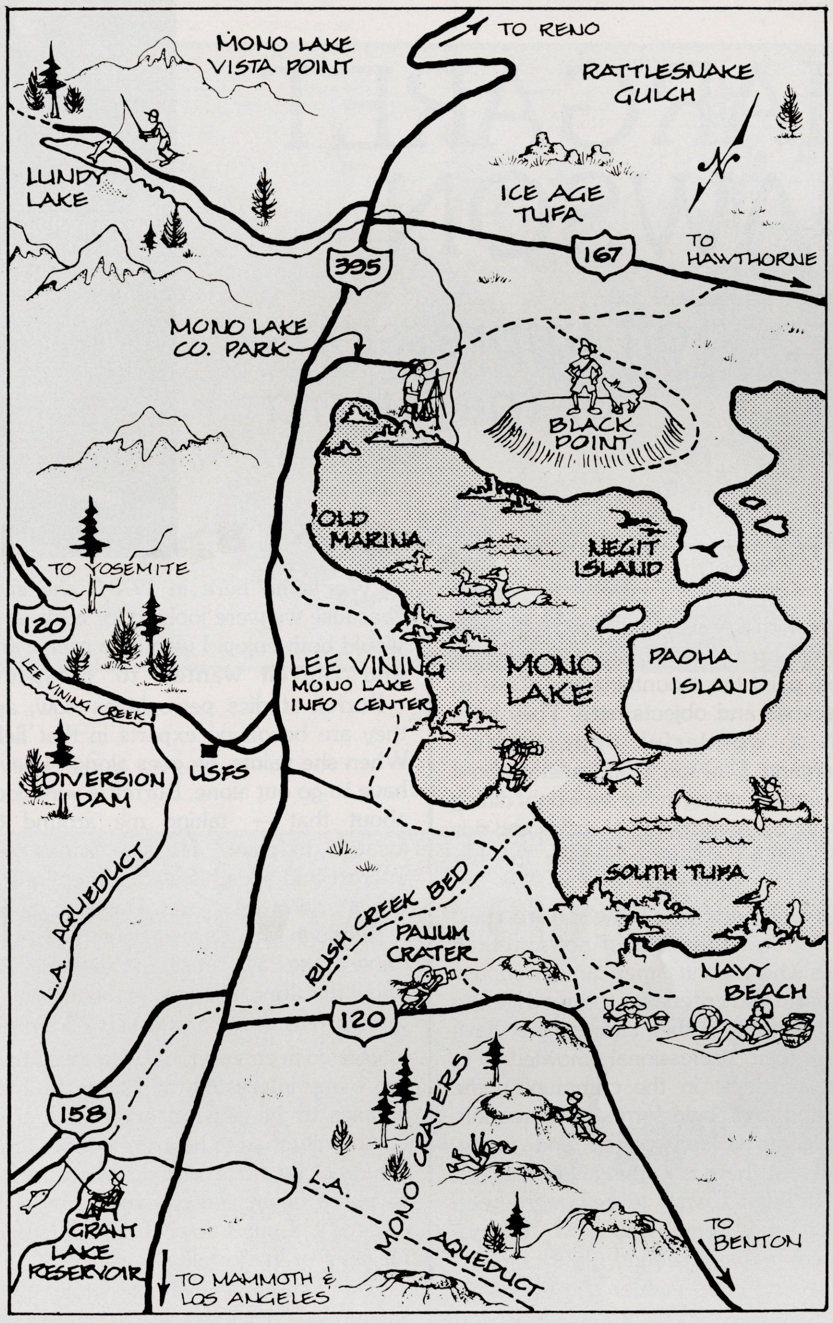
Tax deductible contributions may be made to the fund to save Mono Lake. Make check payable to the National Audubon Society and mail to P.O. Box 29, Lee Vining, CA 93541.

WARNING ON SIDE-ROADS

The side-roads traveled in this tour are passable to ordinary passenger cars. Many others are not. Unless you are equipped with 4-wheel drive, stay on graded, well-traveled routes and do not pull off onto shoulders to turn around or park. It is easy to get stuck in the soft sand.

DON'T MOLEST THE TUFA

Submerged in Mono's waters, the tufa were protected from defacement and vandalism. Exposed on its shores, they are climbed on, shot at, driven over and carried off as souvenirs. Please take only pictures... and share this ethic with others.



Map by Rebecca Shearin

CANOEING AND BOATING

Beware of the weather! Sudden winds can capsize even sturdy craft. People have drowned as recently as 1978.

With caution and good sense, boating can be perfectly safe. Stay close to shore. Always carry life-jackets and let someone know where you are going and when you will return. Do not attempt to cross the lake after mid-morning or when even a light breeze is blowing. You'll have to portage your canoe, kayak, raft, sailboat or cabin cruiser to the lakeshore. Best points to embark are Navy Beach and South Tufa.

From March through August, please leave the islands to the birds. Human disturbance, however well-intentioned, wreaks havoc and may even cause nests and young to be abandoned.

If you decide to visit the islands when the birds are elsewhere, go prepared. Always carry sleeping bags, warm clothes and extra food and water, for you may be marooned by inclement weather. If a storm blows in, stay put. In 1978 six people lost their lives when they tried to return from Paoha against 50 mile-per-hour winds and six-foot waves. ■

MARGARET DAWSON

Soft Impressions of the Sierra

by Jane Fisher

"I feel this Valley is an exceptionally beautiful area. I would like to see more people paint the mountains and streams, the scenes and objects here. They have such a wonderful opportunity."

Margaret Dawson talks quietly about her painting, sitting in her sunbright dining room with a friendly cup of coffee and rice flour cookies made especially for her husband.

Margaret and Burrell Dawson are a part of the growing number of not-so-retired people who are the American storehouse of wisdom and criteria for the good life. No longer working at their careers, they have turned their professional knowledge to other activities; in the community, the arts, and their own forms of recreation.

Margaret is soft-spoken and frosty-haired, but there is nothing elderly about her attitude. "I want to be a *very good* painter," she emphasizes. "I am not satisfied to be a second class painter."

A second class painter she is not. At UCLA she majored in commercial art, but found drafting brought a better income at the time. She practiced that occupation for 27 years, but continued always to keep painting, exhibiting, and studying. She seeks perfection constantly, through practice and workshops, particularly with Milford Zornes. She has studied with Fitzpatrick, with Robert E. Wood, the water-colorist, and with Rex Brandt, in classes from California and Idaho to Mexico and Vermont. She makes her home here to paint the Owens Valley.

"We came here in 1973," she says, "because we were looking for a place we would both enjoy. I wanted a scenic area and Burrell wanted to prospect."

Burrell studies petroglyphs now, and they are becoming experts in that field. When she paints, he goes along. "I never have to go out alone. Burrell is very good about that — taking me around on location to paint." He also listens with interest and adds his own perceptions to the story of Margaret Dawson, artist.

Although Mrs. Dawson won the Best of Show at the Laws Museum Centennial Art Show this June, she has not been listed in the journals of art and artists. "I am not interested in entering the big shows. I have too many interesting things to do. I am happier to be a good artist in a small community than to be a competitive artist in a large city. I love nature. I love to be able to put it down and to express my own feelings as I put it down. I am not looking for fame or immortality."

The Dawsons live in Lone Pine, California, a tiny town with a colorful past, in a colorful setting at the foot of Mt. Whitney. They have a little yellow house with a latticed porch and things going on in the garden. "We enjoy gardening and raising all our own vegetables and fruit," Margaret says. "I once raised pine trees for about ten years, as a side job, from necessity. We love the outdoors and growing things. We are gradually converting the front yard landscaping to fruit trees — we pay so dearly for water here, we may as well make good use of it."

Although they travel all over the continent from Hudson Bay to Yucatan, preferably by train, and are season ticket opera buffs from Seattle to San Diego, the Dawsons are active and popular members of the Lone Pine community. Margaret is the newly-elected President of the Sierra Desert Art Association. She and her husband were among the founders of the Southern Inyo Artisans Guild, which, with the help of the local Chamber of Commerce, has leased an old hotel for a gallery.

On a street of old-west shops, the gallery is appropriately old-mission. Wrought iron gates open through an archway into a tree-shaded courtyard. Small accommodations surrounding the courtyard are used as salesrooms and showcases for members of the Guild.

"Margaret," a young woman calls from across the street as we walk through the thin winter sun to the gallery, "Can I get the other picture of Mt. Whitney?"

"No," regretfully. "I'm sorry, it's sold." Margaret confides that she also regrets having sold almost all of her paintings of the great mountain.

Her home is filled with her watercolors: delicate bouquets of flowers, a skilled draftsman's construction of the Old English architecture of the Mt. Whitney Fish Hatchery, and landscapes, from brilliant summer colors to the subtle lavenders and blue-browns of wet stone and barren forest. She likes to keep her favorites, at least for a while. The current

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preference is a weathered stump, time-silvered, set against the deep greens and golds of trees and summer fields, with scars of old barbed wire telling a story of other times.

The Owens Valley exposes an outstanding variety of geological formations, and Mrs. Dawson is able to capture the strength and warmth of the ancient stone masses, the mystical sweeps of snowy crests, and the iciness of the high gray granites. Her strong masses show well the power of the bones of the earth, rendered less fearsome by the delicate seasonal draperies of mountain flora, and an almost magaical capturing of the tumble and splash of water.

"Landscape painting can be just as creative as abstract painting. You must use the same elements of design and composition. In a way, it is more difficult than abstract, because you want to create the atmosphere of realism — something you feel you can almost walk right into."

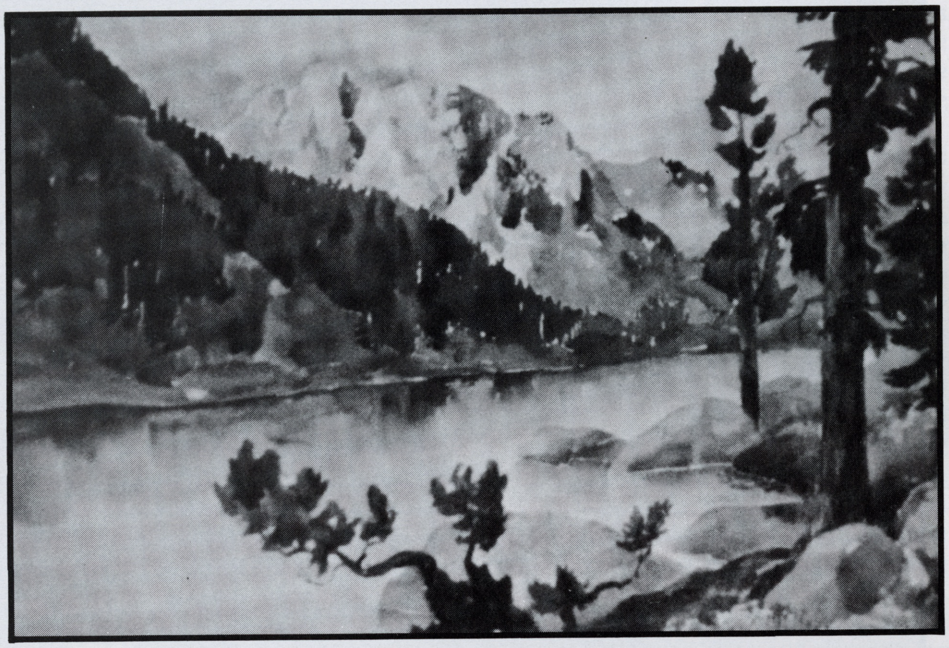
Watercoloring is challenging in its demand for planning. The clean whites of water sparkle, snow, sun on a ridge, or a reflection, are the places that have been left unpainted. "Once you have learned it," Margaret defends, "it is an easier medium to use. You don't have all the fussing with brushes and turpentine. Having been a draftsman helps. It teaches patience. My husband says I am a good draftsman, and he is an engineer."

"She is the best cartographer I've ever seen," Burrell affirms.

"That is probably why I am so literal in my approach. I have worked with figures and lines all my life, so I am inclined to stay with that, somewhat. I paint at the spot rather literally, then go home and think about it, then compose. I may not necessarily use the scene at all, as it was. But I want a landmark to be recognizable, even though I may move trees and rocks around. Every painter has to develop his own way of seeing things. In a workshop at a specific scene, you will never see any two works alike."

Margaret Dawson's paintings may be found in the Southern Inyo Artisan's Guild Gallery, the Security Pacific Bank, and the Sportsman Cafe, all in Lone Pine.

A new interpretation of Mt. Whitney lies on the dining room table, the famous serrated cliffs rising mistily from a cloud above the vegetation and tumbled granites at its feet. Margaret's eyes keep straying speculatively to her work. It is easy to tell the time has come to let Margaret Dawson get on with the business of painting — perhaps another "Mt. Whitney" to sell, or keep awhile, and more to share with those who have discovered her talent. ●



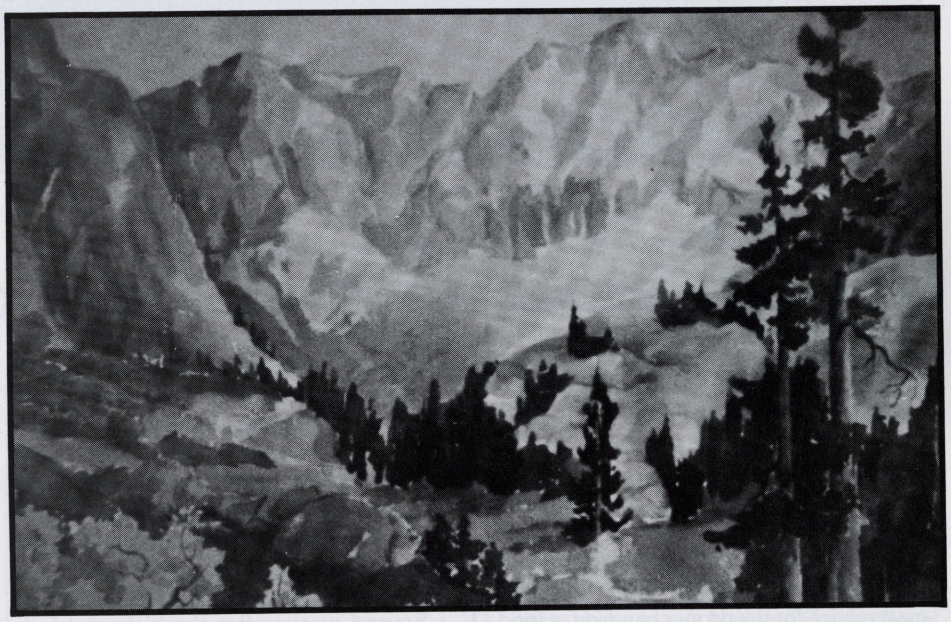


Photo by David M. Graber

BLACK BEARS *in*

YOSEMITE, SEQUOIA AND KINGS CANYON NATIONAL PARKS

by Mike McWherter

On a recent backpack trip to photograph bighorn in Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks, I picked up my wilderness permit and found attached to it a brochure with big red letters "BEWARE BEARS." The message of the brochure was about how carelessness with food leads to bear problems. The brochure gave advice for the proper handling of food while in bear country. It ended with a sad note: "Don't be responsible for the park having to kill a bear... Remember *carelessness with food equals dead bears."*

Upon returning from the bighorn photography trip I met some folks that were starting a hike which would take them into the bear habitat of Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks. We talked about where they were going and where I had been. A lady in the group asked, in a concerned way, if I had seen any bears. When I said "no," she seemed somewhat, but not completely, relieved. Her feelings about bears were that she would just as soon not see one — or have one see her.

Several weeks after the bighorn trip I was talking with park Bear Managers Meg Benke and Mike Coffee. They showed me a large stack of papers, each with a Polaroid photograph, documenting about $34,000 in car damage done by bears at Lodgepole Campground — all during the recent summer of 1982. Frequently a window had been broken to reach items that either looked like or were food. Some cars had sustained severe damage to their interiors. In all instances the bears were after one thing: food. No sooner had I said goodbye to Meg and Mike, when a report came over their radio that three cars at Wolverton Meadows had just been broken into by bears.

Human reactions to black bears range from outright fear to treating them like tame animals. But the black bear is neither a terrible bear nor a Teddy Bear. It is a hungry bear. Understanding and appreciating them for what they are is the key to reducing human-black bear conflicts and ultimately assuring them a place in Yosemite, Sequoia, and Kings

continued on next page. . .

Canyon National Parks. For park officials this means convincing the public that although the black bear is generally not an aggressive bear, it is wild and potentially dangerous, and should never be fed by humans. The black bear is a powerful and intelligent animal with a rapacious appetite which prepares it for the long, harsh winter months ahead. Bear problems are caused by humans bringing food into the bear's environment and the damage bears cause getting at it. The solution is the obvious one, difficult to implement, but absolutely necessary: we must keep all human food out of the reach of bears.

During the last several years, park officials within our National Parks of the Sierra Nevada have intensified efforts to educate visitors about black bears. Bear problems are being solved as part of an attitude of scientific and professional bear management that has concurrently developed in other National Parks with black bear problems; Great Smokey Mountains, Glacier, and Yellowstone. Let's take a look at what the black bear is and the background behind the current bear research and management policies of our National Parks of the Sierra.

Black bears *(Ursus americanus)* inhabit the North American regions from Alaska, through Canada and the continental United States, to Northern Mexico. They are the smallest of North American bears, which includes the polar bears and the grizzly-browns. The grizzly bears and huge Alaskan brown bears are considered to be the same species. All North American bears trace their past to Asiatic types which crossed to North America via the Bering Straits land bridge during the Ice Age. The grizzly-browns descended from ancestors which crossed the land bridge about 100,000 years ago, and the black bears from ancestors which crossed about 500,000 years ago. Polar bears are believed to have evolved from brown bears that lived in the North American coastal regions.

Grizzly bears are much more dangerous and aggressive than black bears. It has been suggested that the grizzly's aggressive behavior might be because it is a ground animal unable to escape danger by climbing trees. Grizzlies have adapted by being able to defend themselves and their offspring on the ground. Black bears are able to climb trees for safety and thus are more timid. The adult black bear weighs from 100 to 300 pounds; the grizzly from 450 to 800 pounds; and the huge brown bear from 800 to 1200 pounds. When a large brown bear stands erect it will tower several feet over a six-foot human.

The black bear population in California has been estimated to be between 11,000 and 15,000 individuals. Within the Sierra Nevada they live in the Oak-Yellow Pine and Lodgepole Fir belt, at 1200 to 8500 feet. They are more common on the west side of the Sierra than the east. Their color ranges from black to cinnamon to blonde. They are the largest living Sierran carnivore, although their diet consists mostly of vegetable matter, which includes grasses, clover, fruits, berries and nuts. They use their powerful arms and claws to tear open rotten logs and find insect larvae. Black bears will also kill young or sick deer. When available they will take food from campers, trash cans, and garbage dumps. They are their heaviest in autumn, having spent the late summer and early fall putting on a layer of fat for the winter months ahead.

> *They roam the sandy slopes on lily meads, through polished glacier canyons, among the solemn Firs and brown Sequoia, Manzanita, and chaparral, living upon redberries and gooseberries, little caring for rain or snow. Magnificent bears of the Sierra are worthy of their magnificent homes. They are not companions of men, but children of God.*
>
> --- John Muir

Females come into estrus about June or July when they acquire a temporary mate. The male does not stay with the female long after mating since he is basically a solitary animal. He is more interested in getting back to the business of foraging, putting on fat reserves, and finding a suitable den for winter. Some seven months after mating — during the winter hibernation — the female gives birth to one to three cubs of about eight ounces each. She does not show any sign of pregnancy. Normally a fertilized egg attaches itself to the mother's uterus after mating. But in the female bear, the implantation of the egg is delayed for several months after mating. The fertilized egg does not develop and floats in fluid within the uterus. This "delayed implantation," as it is called, occurs in November and the cubs take about one and a half to two months to develop. This type of pregnancy is probably the female bear's way of adapting to her need to build body reserves during summer and fall in preparation for winter.

The cubs are born in January and are nursed in the den until they emerge in spring with their mother and go foraging. The cubs will stay close to her and scramble up the nearest tree if she sounds a danger alarm. Black bear adults and cubs are very good tree climbers and can do so almost as fast as a squirrel. Hiding food from them using trees takes some thought. The food must be suspended high above the ground between two trees or from tree limbs that will not support the weight of a bear. The cubs spend their first summer under the protection of their mother and learn to eat the same foods she eats. Sometimes she will lead them to areas where people keep food, hoping to find an unguarded picnic table or food cooler. It is unfortunate for the cubs if they find food under such circumstances because they are quick to learn and are likely to become problem bears in the future. They may eventually have to be destroyed.

With the arrival of winter the cubs will follow their mother into her den and stay with her during hibernation. When the family emerges the following spring the cubs will be yearlings and weigh from 80 to 120 pounds. Although the cubs are now older and much larger, the mother is still as protective as ever. One should never get between a mother and her cubs. The family usually breaks up by the end of summer, probably because the mother once again comes into estrus. The presence of large dominant males seeking her out no doubt contributes to the yearlings leaving the area. The yearling males will generally leave their mother's territory and begin a solitary life. The female yearlings will remain closer to the mother's territory.

Long after the black bear had established itself in North America another creature crossed the Bering Straits land bridge — man. The American Indian descended from these early immigrants and much of their folklore was associated with animals, particularly the black bear. The Pueblo Indians held the black bear in deep reverence, associating it closely with their goddess of all game creatures — the Mother of Game. With the arrival of European man in North America the black bear experienced more human pressure and was driven out of much of the Eastern United States. As human numbers increased and spread to the West, inevitable conflicts occurred with black bears. Today this conflict is ever present in a world of shrinking resources. It has manifested itself in a unique way in our National Parks where bears live in a protected environment and grow accustomed to the sight of humans.

Sixty years ago attitudes about how black bears in our National Parks should be managed were much different than today. Black bears were often treated as harmful predators which took too many desirable animals such as deer. They were destructive to property and posed a threat to human limb, if not life. But they had some redeeming features, such as

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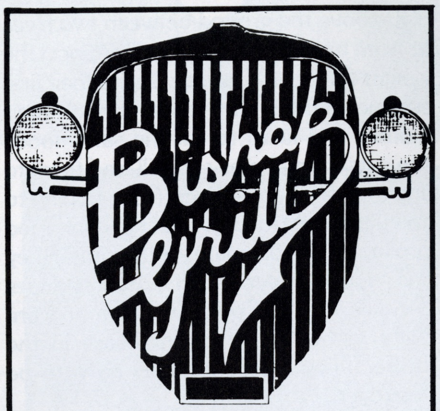

BISHOP GRILL

Location: In Bishop, on the left side of the road.

Ambience: The Grill is hidden behind one of several worm-wood facades on the main drag, but inside, it's the land of a '50s youth. A lunch counter runs along the right side, booths on the left and tables in the middle.

Except for a small frieze of cowboy scenes running the length of the lunch counter, the decor has remained unchanged since the opening of the restaurant. The friendly waitress, Clara, calls everyone "Babe," and her customers all seemed to know her, indicating a strong local clientele. The service was excellent, the cafe unpretentious but efficient.

Cuisine: All the baked goods at the Bishop Grill are made on the premises, and that in itself makes it special. The hamburger, fries and pie were all good, if not excellent, and the coffee wasn't a letdown either. Nothing served was quite the best, but it was all very good, and inexpensive — the meal, $2.95. Daily specials run $2.95 and ham and eggs are priced at $2.75. This is by far the best all-round deal of the bunch, considering ambience, food quality and price.

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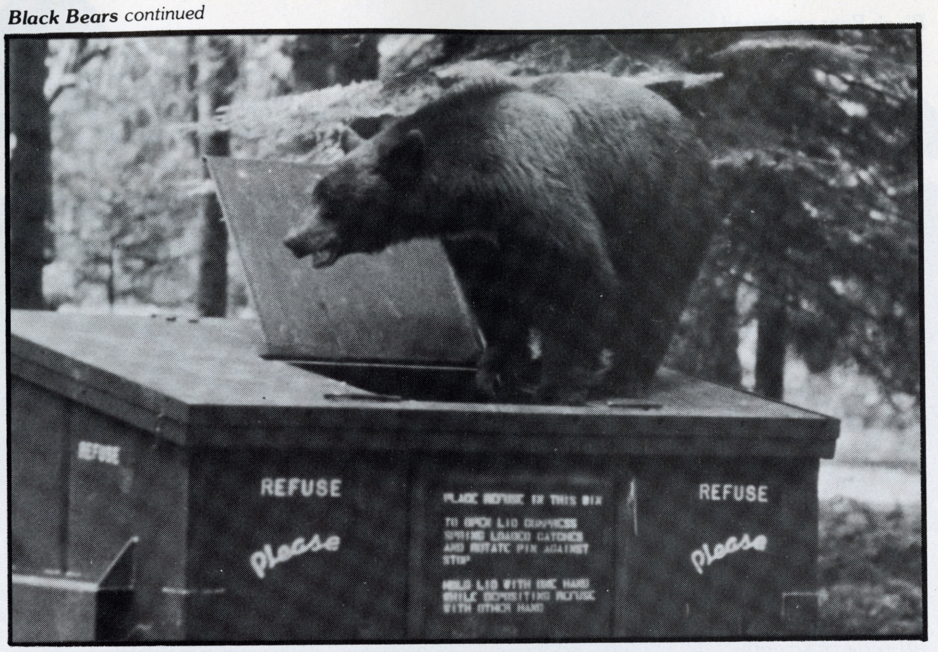

Photos by David M. Graber

entertainment value for the park users. Bleachers had even been erected in Yosemite for visitors to watch bears being fed by rangers. During the 1930's biologists were becoming concerned about the policies of our National Parks which allowed bear feeding programs and then solved the resulting problems by relocating or destroying the culprit bears. Not only did this policy pose a threat to the bears' natural ecology but it changed their behavior, making them a potential threat to visitors. The bleachers at Yosemite came down and by the mid 1940's bear feeding programs were eliminated.

In 1963 Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, under the recommendation of leading wildlife biologists, recognized the importance of maintaining in our National Parks healthy ecological systems that were as close as possible to their original pristine state. This report to the Secretary of the Interior became known as the Leopold Report. After the Leopold Report, other reports followed emphasizing the importance of programs which would keep bears "out in the woods making an honest living," and thus away from human food, where the problems begin. However, until 1971, one could still go to garbage dumps at Yosemite and observe bears feeding. When garbage dumps were closed in 1971, and with garbage receptacles bear-proofed, there was a surge of bear-caused property damage — mostly involving food left out on tables, in coolers, or stored in cars.

In 1974 Yosemite Park officials took action to create a basis for the scientific and professional management of bears. The goal was not only to minimize bear hazards to people and property, but to restore the Yosemite black bear population to its pristine ecology and behavior. This park and the University of California sponsored a study by David Graber to obtain the needed scientific basis for bear management. Graber, who studied black bears in Yosemite for five years (1974-1979) as part of his PhD thesis, concluded that "An evolving program of visitor education in concert with management designed to exclude human foods from bears' diets is expected to reduce drastically the need to manipulate bears themselves, and to restore a natural population of black bears to Yosemite National Park."

Although Dr. Graber's study was in Yosemite his conclusions apply equally well to bear problems at Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks. In 1982, Dr. Graber reported to the National Park Service about his studies in Yosemite: "The only consistently effective means of keeping human food from bears in national parks has been to place it beyond the physical capacity of bears to reach it." During his five years at Yosemite bear-proof tops were installed on garbage cans and dumpsters; bear-proof lockers were tried on an experimental basis at bear-plagued White Wolf Campground; bear-resistant cables for suspending food were strung in most of the problem campgrounds. For backpackers the park is experimenting with a strong, yet lightweight, plastic PVC food container which seems to be relatively bear-proof. In recent years at Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks similar bear-proofing policies have been followed.

Graber's work at Yosemite came to an end in 1979. In 1980 he brought his experience to Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks, where he is currently

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working as a Research Scientist to answer some of the more difficult questions troubling bear managers. An important aspect of Graber's research is to provide, as he did for Yosemite, a scientific basis upon which the park can manage bears. In his own words: "Using radio telemetry I will be following the fate of a sample of relocated nuisance bears, to determine what becomes of the ones who don't return. Do they become established successfully in new areas, or do they die?... We may find that certain age and sex classes in bear populations can be relocated or even destroyed without markedly disturbing the remainder."

In order to carry out his research, twenty bears have been radio collared. The radio collar fits around the bear's neck and constantly emits a radio signal which can be picked up by an antenna. The antenna is used as a directional finder to locate the position of the bear. I first saw this device in action as Research Assistant Les Chow stood on the exposed summit of Moro Rock and picked up the signal of a collared bear. We were able to track the bear and eventually found him in a dense pine forest. Les used a dart-gun to tranquilize him so that his physical measurements and health could be recorded. Blood and hair samples were taken. He checked for parasites and found none. Bears are remarkably clean animals. This information, together with other data obtained, will help in Graber's research to determine the effect that we humans have had on bear ecology and behavior.

The research also involves the "flagging" of bears. When a bear is captured a brightly colored vinyl ear flag is attached to one of its ears. The ear flag enables individual bears to be identified by sight. It is useful in determining the bear's home range and general movement. One such flagged bear was a problem bear and was relocated at Crabtree Meadows near Mt. Whitney. This is near the park's east boundary — about as far as the bear could be taken and still be in the park. In two weeks the bear returned to the same area where he had been first captured. Relocation is very expensive (a helicopter was required to transport the bear) and it does not seem to be an effective method in dealing with problem bears. Nor is destroying bears a solution, since, like relocation, it introduces its own disturbance into bear society.

Graber is also studying how bears get used to people, learn about access to human food, and the nature of their fear and aggressiveness toward people. Other factors studied are bear density, reproduction, mortality, food habits, weight gain and loss, parasites, home range, den site, and sex/age structure. He is studying how all these factors are affected by different bear and human management actions. He will be wrapping up his research at Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks by the summer of 1983. His findings will contribute to a growing body of bear knowledge that enables black bear managers everywhere to make decisions on how people and bears can live together in reasonable harmony.

Since the presence of human food in the bears' environment is the heart of the bear problem, we can all help in the effort to reduce bear problems by strictly observing the park's plea that all human food be kept out of reach of bears. We should also remember their admonition: "Don't be responsible for the park having to kill a bear. Remember *carelessness with food equals dead bears.*" ■

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8 MILES HIGH
and rising

by Rick Masters

It was after the war, when the boys came home, that the gliding began in earnest. The market was littered with surplus gliders, sturdy two-place ships that the burgeoning ranks of combat pilots had used to learn the elementals of flight. All over the country these bulky trainers were bought by newly earthbound pilots longing for the sky. Hauled off to musty garages, they were the subject of many late hours of loving modification - angular canopies discarded and replaced by fluid bubbles of plexiglass, fuselages narrowed and streamlined, surfaces smoothed and painted and polished - until they emerged phoenixlike; sleek fleetwinged things that promised to free the soul.

To the Owens Valley, in those years after the war, came men like Harland Ross, one of America's most noteworthy glider designers and pilots. A new frontier had been opened up in the realm of motorless flight, the art of thermal flying, discovered by the expert German pilots who had been restricted to gliders after the First World War. They came to explore this frontier, for the Valley was suspected of harboring the greatest thermals on the continent, if not the world.

Unlike ridge-soaring, the province of gliding up to that time, thermal flying required a much greater skill and perception of little-understood meteorological forces. The thermal was a huge bubble of air that had been heated by the sun's action on a tilled field or rock face. Suddenly it would break free and rise, sometimes climbing for miles as it cooled. The new challenge was for the pilot to enter the bubble, intuitively sensing its center by the quality of the lift, then to circle around and around the core as it drew the glider towards heaven. Tightly banked turns were often necessary and it was easy to fall out of a thermal and lose it entirely.

In the winters, when the sun crouched low on the Sierra in the afternoon, Ross would return to face the ultimate

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8 Miles High continued

challenge, then as now, the wave. Born on the ocean winds that swept across the broad San Joaquin Valley and then up the sloping west face of the Sierra, the Sierra Wave would form when the jet stream dipped south to add its power. High above the mountains on these rare days, the wave cloud would run the length of the Valley and beyond in a curvilinear streak, while far below in the depths of the wave trough, the deadly roll cloud would boil and darkly writhe. Perhaps the most superlative single feature of the incredible Owens Valley was the Sierra Wave, rivaling in size and height and beauty the few other great waves of the world. Ross wondered if it was truly the greatest of them all.

By the end of 1949, Ross had entered the wave many times and appraised its awesome potential. Although no one in the United States had ever gained more than 18,100 feet above their release point, Ross sensed that the Sierra Wave's latent, untested power could take a sailplane so high that a pilot would not be able to breathe without a special oxygen system, would not be able to avoid freezing to death without extremely warm clothing, and he suspected that even a sound would not be clearly heard due to the thinness of the air. He proposed the idea of a two-place altitude record attempt to his partner, George Deibert, with whom he shared ownership of a World War Two training glider, a beautiful German Schweizer TG-3. Deibert agreed, excited at the prospect.

There was much work to be done. Both men fully realized the danger of what they were about to attempt, that they must be adequately prepared or they could die. They outfitted the TG-3 with a special canopy which could expand or contract in the extreme cold. They installed two oxygen tanks with high altitude regulators. They built a special compartment to hold the barographs necessary for recording altitude in record attempts. They equipped each pilot compartment with a complete set of blind flying instruments, so that if an emergency were to occur either one of them could fly, even inside a cloud.

Ross studied each day's weather forecast carefully and chose the twenty-seventh of January, 1940, as the day. As he had hoped, the lenticular Sierra Wave established itself above the Valley in the early afternoon. The men dressed in their heavy flying suits, adjusted their parachute harnesses and tested their bailout bottles, the small oxygen bottles attached to the flying suits necessary to sustain life during the long fall to breathable air in the event

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the aircraft was abandoned at a great altitude. They strapped themselves into the glider and Ross gave the signal to the towplane pilot, Bob Symons.

Off they went, circling up from Bishop Airport and heading west at 9,000 feet. The towplane strained to pull the heavy glider higher. They passed beneath the roll cloud at 11,500 feet, fighting to keep the towline straight and taut in the strong turbulence. As they flew out from beneath the cloud, heading towards the Sierra, the variometers told them they had entered the wave, registering lift of 1,000 feet per minute. Ross released the towline. Upward they climbed. At 13,000 feet they donned their tight-fitting oxygen masks and tested the breathing systems. Everything was functioning smoothly.

Now they were rapidly climbing, rising a vertical mile every four minutes. They turned south towards Mt. Whitney, traveling a narrow highway in the sky, the jagged spires of the Sierra crest on their right and the changeling roll cloud's great hungry wall to their left. Then the mountains dropped away and they rose above the roll cloud. As they escaped the walls of the Valley the world seemed to open all around them like a great map, but it was the great lenticular high above, marking the crest of the wave, that held their attention. How much longer would the lift continue? How much higher could they ride the great wave?

At the altitude of Mt. Everest, 29,000 feet, the lift began to decrease. Neither Ross nor Deibert spoke of their disappointment. Their flight so far was good enough for a national record. But then the lift picked up again. They broke the national single-space record, then the world record. They kept climbing steadily, watching in amazement as the variometers read a constant five to eight hundred feet per minute up.

At 35,000 feet, approaching the stratosphere, Deibert thought he heard Ross holler to him to take a picture. It made sense. Who would believe them if the barographs froze up? The canopy was frosted over, so he reached up and slid it back. The air roared around the inside of the cockpit. It was sixty-three degrees below zero (Fahrenheit). Deibert worked the camera but he could not hear the sound of the shutter clicking. He assumed the camera had frozen. He called out to Ross to tell him of the problem but Ross could not make out his words. The air was too thin.

As Ross edged into the stratosphere he noticed the controls were beginning to ice

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SOME SQUIRRELS I HAVE KNOWN

An Exclusive Book Preview

The mis-management of renewable resources is a serious problem that we must solve.....soon.

by Vern Burandt

Delcina and I had stopped for supplies at a general store at a mountain crossroad. The proprietor, seeing my Fish and Game truck with animal cages and trapping gear, asked what I was doing. I told him "Moving beaver," and explained that the Department was live-trapping beaver in agricultural areas where they were doing damage and transplanting them in mountain streams. He blustered and said, "You Fish and Game people are nuts. First you plant fish, then you plant beaver to eat the fish — it's a damn shame to waste taxpayer money like that!" He became argumentative when told that beaver are vegetarians. "Don't tell me beavers don't eat fish — look at their teeth." As we drove away my wife said, "Boy, we've sure met some real squirrels haven't we?"

As time passed, quite a procession of squirrels have argued their way through the arena of my profession. This has prompted me to share my experiences.

One thing they have in common is what they lack in basic facts they make up for in anger. They know how to fly off the handle.

Which reminds me of the rural lady who baked some prune pies and set them on a ledge to cool. Some crows soon devoured them. After eating their fill, they lit on a pump handle to rest. As each succeeding crow flew away, it plummeted dead to the ground.

The moral of that corny story is — Don't fly off the handle when you're full of prunes.

A story of long ago is told about an old man and his son who started out one day for the market. They were leading their donkey which they were going to sell.

They had been on the road a short time when they met a stranger who said, "What's that donkey good for if you don't put a burden on his back? You are sure stupid to be walking instead of riding." After the stranger passed, the son climbed on the donkey's back, the father leading the animal as they continued on their journey.

Soon they met another traveler, who upon seeing the boy riding, became angry, "You lazy young rascal, don't you respect your father, that you are riding and making him walk?" My father told me to ride, and I'm not lazy," the boy argued. Upon this, the father mounted and the boy took the lead rope.

Soon they met two women. "Look at that — a husky old man riding and his poor little son walking." The old man was ashamed and said, "Come son, we shall both ride." So they continued happily on their journey, well pleased with themselves that they had satisfied the two women.

Rounding a bend in the road they found the way blocked by a man with a big club. "I am the president of the Association of Abyssinnian Ass Lovers," he screamed. "Don't you have any consideration for that poor donkey? You are going to break his back. You are better able to carry him than he is to carry you." Fearfully, they let the animal lover pass, watching his club and every movement.

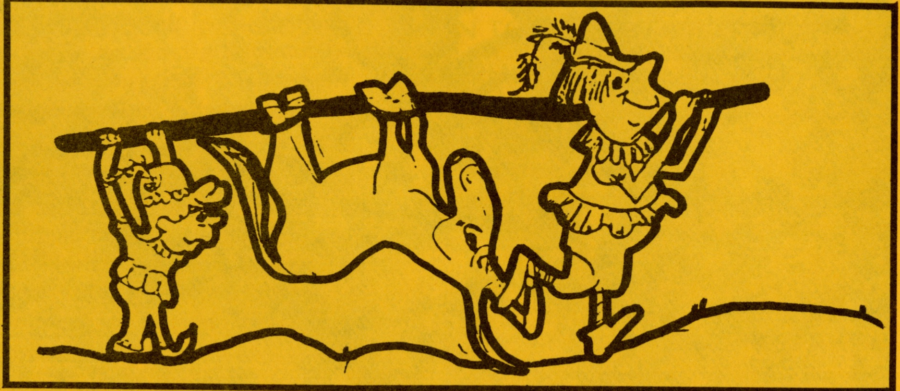
Frustrated, they held a consultation and decided to carry the donkey. With difficulty they tied the donkey's feet and fastened the long pole in place. The boy then shouldered one end as the father put the other end of the pole on his shoulder. They continued their journey with the upside-down donkey with its ears sweeping the roadway. A crowd began to follow and jeered, "How ridiculous, instead of riding, these ignorant people carry their donkey." As they were crossing a bridge, the noise and laughter caused the donkey to kick and get one hind foot loose, and the boy dropped his end of the pole. The donkey struggled and toppled into the water. His forefeet were still tied together and the animal drowned. The old man's sad words to his weeping son, who was watching the burro's last bubbles in the stream below were, "That's what comes of trying to satisfy everyone. Please all and you will please none."

The world seems generously populated with busybodies criticizing, giving advice, and interfering in others' affairs. This has certainly been the case in the field of management of renewable natural resources.

I have been around the harvest and management of said resources of one kind or another all my life. In earlier days I hadn't heard the term *management* in use. However, in working with livestock, "oversheeped" and "eat into the ground" were common terms indicating overuse.

Range management need not be

complicated or mysterious to be successful. The purpose of such a program is to have healthy animals, be they wild or domestic, foraging on a productive range. Take some, leave some. Striking a proper balance in use of forage determines the success or failure of your plan. Range management is an applied science and if properly practiced is an example of conservation in operation.



My memory often returns to the land of "The Big Sky," most aptly described by a transplanted Easterner not accustomed to unhoused range cattle, a country of dry washes and a clear horizon. "There's more cows and less butter, more creeks and less water; you can see farther and see less than any danged country you've ever been in." The fact that ranch people used canned milk and bragged about it, "no tits to pull, no hay to pitch, and the milk in the can is twice as rich" added to his wonderment of the West.

The ruinous practice of western ranchers "turning out early" to beat others to the public domain so their cows got the "first blade of grass" is well documented. Besides that, over-stocking and over-staying to get the "last blade of grass" were having serious effects on some western ranges.

So it was to be expected that regulatory laws like the Taylor Grazing Act of 1934 were bound to arrive. We heard of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, but it never was clear to me where their authority overlapped or if both enforced grazing regulations.

I recall an attitude of resistance and non-acceptance to the regulations. Employees of the agencies were held up to ridicule and stereotyped as "parasites," feeding at the public trough. Characterized as a cross between "riff-raff" and "a drug store cowboy," with doubtful qualities, which well suited them for a Government job. Unable to hold down a ranch job, they worked for Uncle Sam.

My first encounter with a pair of these 'misfits' occurred one day when Grubby and I were rolling up barbed wire on an abandoned homestead. When these old claims were added to ranch holdings the un-needed cross fencing was removed. Much of it in disrepair was a hazard to livestock. The long barbed "trenching wire" of World War I surplus was mean to handle and "ate up" a pair of gloves too soon. We were wondering about the "wrinkle bellies" that "starved" out here, and what kind of life it must have been, out "by their lonesome" when we spotted the dust cloud of a band of "spooked antelope." We quit wondering what stirred them up when we saw the sun glint off of a car's windshield. Although they were a long way off, we could see two men get out of the car and get down on the ground for a long period of time. We couldn't figure out what they were doing.

We kept on rolling wire and when we came to a mummified horse carcass, Grubby said, "Boy, you was sure lucky that weed headed horse hit them wires as square as he did, otherwise you wouldn't have a leg. Guess he won't be eatin' no more loco weed." This brought up the painful memory of the fateful day Poco Loco made his last disoriented charge, and I, my longest free flight.

The worse than usual spring storms had made calving less than romantic and we were scraping the bottom of the bin when it came to horse flesh. There were better mounts, all leg weary from endless days. So I rode Poco Loco that soupy morning, since no one would mount that left-gawking, right-stumbling animal. I was low man on the totem pole and had no choice.

I thought I had him figured out and well under control as I tried to cut out a funnel titted heifer and her calf, who was not too healthy, and head back toward the hospital bunch; when I realized too late that we were heading for that wicked fence. My lifelong momentos of that ride were a crooked thumb that never got to the doctor's office and a fun scar to shave on my chin, and the most visible, a metallic smile.

We rolled wire until midday when the two men got up off the ground a final time, picked up some gear and loaded it. The horses, wild eyed, with ears cocked to the maximum watched too, as the car came toward us. Grubby yelled get with that team of snorty, green horses, kid, so's they don't head for the southeast corner of the county. When the shiny Model A Ford bounced to a halt in a cloud of dust, Grubby angrily said, "What the hell's the matter with you guys, to come humpin' across that flat like that? Couldn't ya see them horses about to stand on their hind legs?" Grubby was pointing the men toward the ranch and told them they could follow the wagon road and had to open a couple of wire gates before they got there. As they got back in their rig, I could see they weren't ranch folks — their clothes were too fancy and there were no sweat stains on their hats. As they pulled away, the old Texan yee-hawed, threw his hat on the ground and said, "Them's worse than dudes. Those fellers wuz 'Guv'ment posey pickers. That's what they wuz doin' on the ground — counting blades of grass inside their 'pitcher frame'."

At supper that night the "gov'ment" programs got curried real good. The boss was republican and hated what Roosevelt's alphabet soup programs were doing to the country. There was harsh ridicule of the "posey pickers" and their methods of measuring range use. "Ain't nuthin' but guess-work — they make it look big by 'gawkin' at weeds inside their danged measurin' frame." He was highly critical even though his ranch was benefitting from a Federal reservoir program.

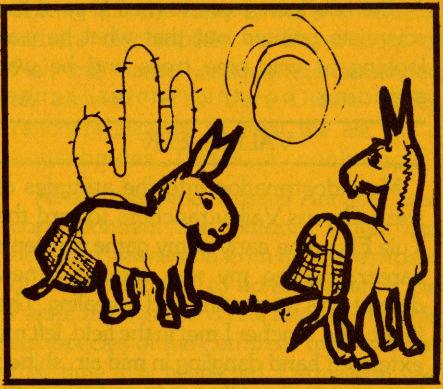
At that time the Federal government was paying ranchers to put in earth-filled reservoirs. This "jugged up" the water that gushed unused to the Missouri River. This afforded water in a dry country and saved cattle trailing long distances to water.

He talks of the posey pickers fresh out of school. "They act wiser'n a tree full of owls, yet gimp around all day with a burr in their boot and wonder why their foots' a-hurtin'."

If I could have looked forward as I now look backward, I would never have believed that on down the line the tempo of non-acceptance and resistance would escalate against the management of renewable natural resources.

At the end of World War II, the attention was focused on habitat and range by the average hunter. Basically, the Department of Fish and Game was supported by hunting and fishing license money and hunters named the tune and step they were going to jig to.

It is true that predator control, coupled with law enforcement, restored deer herds that were near extinction from early day exploitation. But more of the same was proving a disaster in many western states. The Kaibab deer herd in Arizona being one grand example of overprotection, causing massive die-offs. In California, it was beginning to be recognized that deer ranges were becoming overpopulated and relief was needed. As one biologist put it, "Either we should be frying more deer steaks or should be engaged in propogating lions and coyotes instead of trapping them."



Drawings by Yvonne Graves

I steamed into California aboard a U.S. Naval Man of War, returning from the South Pacific at the end of World War II. Soon I obtained a position as a hunter and trapper for the California Division of Fish and Game, later known as California Department of Fish and Game, with headquarters at Sonora in Tuolumne County. As one of a crew of thirty-six trappers and four lion hunters, we engaged in a program of removing large predators from deer ranges. Approximately 10,000 coyotes and 100 mountain lions were taken a year by the team. The thinking in that day being the way to happy hunting and full game bags was to remove the predators that were gobbling up the game. Little, if any, biological staff in most western Fish and Game agencies including California, were small. As the habitat issue was being placed in proper perspective, the trapping program was being phased out and game management positions were being created. College trained personnel were available when California's Fish and Game Department instigated its first investigation of deer population in the state. At this time, the Fish and Game Commission contracted deer study to the University of California; the project leader was Dr. A. Starker Leopold, Berkeley Zoology Professor. There was a general study of deer in the state; however, an intensive study of only one representative herd was made. The Jawbone Range named after its jawbone-shaped ridge on the west side of Yosemite National Park was selected as a study site. The area was well stocked with deer and had good access roads and a U.S.F.S. ranger station was available for shelter.

I was well established in Tuolumne County where the study started in the summer of 1947, and became well acquainted with the biologists and field men. As the study progressed and meetings were held between the Department of Fish and Game and local sportsmen, it became apparent that there was a polarization and general nonacceptance of the local hunters to the suggestion of the necessity of shooting antlerless deer.

Besides the researchers on the study, other fish and game biologists and officials from the Sacramento staff as well as the disease laboratory visited the area. The newest biologists with freshest sheepskins seemed to know all and tell all. It wasn't quite clear if they threw the first insults from their plateau of intellectual arrogance at the "stump jumpers" below, or if the hill people screamed first, "Ain't no damned Johnny Come Lately gonna ram anything down our throats and tell us to kill off our deer herds."

The local opposition was led by a vociferous few, to the last man; they were expert deer hunters, but knew little about deer biology. They nevertheless were looked up to and were the local opinion makers. They believed that deer fawns nursed through the first winter of their life and this erroneous belief made them fiercely opposed to doe shooting. "How could a fawn wade through winter snow drifts without mothers milk?" Bolstering all opposition was the belief that no sportsman would shoot a female deer.

Although I wasn't assigned to the study, I occasionally hauled supplies to the study site, as I ran traplines near the area. The Department of Fish and Game also conducted training sessions on the Jawbone winter range. Department biologists held basic botany classes, teaching new employees the key browse species used by wintering deer. These shrubs were the deer herds' "bread and beans" when snow covered the ridges. For the most part, they were heavily hedged and there were no middle-aged or young plants to replace them.

It hadn't dawned on me that the "key" to the whole issue was the key browse species. I decided to take some of the local deer experts on a "show me" trip and give them some idea of what the study was all about. My plan of indoctrination and conversion backfired and the day was still young when I was told I had been "brainwashed" and "whoever heard of putting box car seals on plants to study them." They guffawed when I took them to some of the worst abused parts of the Jawbone winter range. "Thought you knew something about cattle, can't you see that's been done by range cows? Stick to your trapping and don't listen to these biologists." I chuckled, I had become a "posey picker."

At the next deer hearing, I was called a turncoat. There was no middle ground. As a trapper, the biologists had lumped me with the "gunsels". The chief of the Game Management Branch, on the other hand, referred to the trappers as the "illiterate employees." Favorable mention of me was at least made that night when the local game warden told of the impressive numbers of deer predators I had been taking on deer ranges and asked me to expound on it. After telling that the stomach contents of coyotes taken on winter ranges was 100 percent venison, one of the biologists said, "But tell me, Daniel Boone, was it carrion or prey that made their stomachs full. You participated in the deer carcass count and know how many deer died of starvation." I ruminated on that since I knew my young pups couldn't be turned loose on winter deer ranges in early spring unless I was prepared for a long wait. They wouldn't come back until their venison-filled bellies dragged the ground — their sheepish grin bristling with deer hair. I had to admit that in all probability, their gut was full of carrion.

With my come-uppance, I had to admit to my innermost self that my politics were changing.

Now I could defend a new title as "game management sympathizer." As the Jawbone deer study drew to a close, one didn't have to go too far to have an argument about the issue. At the final meeting in Sonora, attended by a sizeable group, Dr. A. Starker Leopold presented all the findings of the study. The facts that an underharvested deer herd had depleted its winter range which resulted in malnutrition, starvation, and massive die-offs were presented. Of the total estimated Jawbone deer herd of 6,000; 1,400 died of starvation in the heavy winter of 1948-49. To prevent this wastage, better utilization of the deer herd was suggested. A later season than the traditional September 16 — October 15 was imperative. It would make the migratory deer more available to the hunters. There was some discussion about this, talk about a slaughter followed, and it was explained that the idea behind the whole proposal was to kill more deer. The fur was soon flying as the touchy subject of antlerless deer hunting was brought up.

There was total rejection of the evidence that harvesting bucks only, cannot hold a herd within the carrying capacity of its ranges. The same old arguments were brought up — "ranchers don't kill their cows — you can't eat any eggs if you kill your chickens," and on and on.

During the heated exchange, the opinion was expressed that it might be OK to shoot barren does. Dr. Leopold stated that it wasn't possible to always identify a barren doe. He was challenged on this point by the "mayor" of the small mining community of Jupiter, who went into a lengthy and ridiculous tirade about blue deer and barren does. He charged Dr. Leopold with lack of knowledge about deer, if he could not identify the same. The good Doctor replied that he had only autopsied 1200 deer or so, and that positive identification of a doe's barren condition could only be established after the animal was killed.

I wondered about the Mayor's knowledge and his claim that he could tell what deer were "feedin' on." The possibility was great that when he looked at a deer's "innards" it was just so much "ish." His botany was limited to piss-fir and pussy willow and he demonstrated little knowledge of deer biology.

The meeting ended in mumblings and loud talk. There were individual group arguments later on, outside. One hothead challenged a Forest Officer to a pistol duel and later on called Commissioner William Silva a lying son-of-a-bitch.

The Jawbone deer fiasco is a classic in many respects. There were no anti-hunters, no "tweety bird lovers" or "bleeding hearts" that sabotaged this program. Hunters themselves were wholly responsible for robbing themselves of hunting opportunity. Cleveland Amory, unloved by hunters and known for his misconceptions and distorting of hunting facts, has at least accurately stated, "hunters are their own worst enemy."

Not only did the Jawbone herd suffer huge losses by starvation, but other deer winter ranges in Tuolumne County as well as other parts of California lost substantial numbers of deer.

The mouldering bones of deer, where they succumbed on their winter ranges, bear mute testimony of the stubbornness, unacceptance, and interference of the local hunting fraternity. The lost hunting experience and loss of savory venison that didn't make it to the table is incalculable.

As if this cruel joke wasn't enough on the hunter in general, and the people of Tuolumne County in particular, who in their own backyard, after the hoof and mouth disease slaughter, had an example of the production potential of a deer herd.

Infected cattle from a naval vessel introduced hoof and mouth disease into California in 1924. When it showed up on the ranges of Tuolumne County, an immediate eradication campaign under the direction of the Bureau of Animal Industry was ordered. From 1924-26 a total of 250 hunters shot 22,214 deer, of which ten percent were infected with hoof and mouth virus. Although this was the official tally from the ears and feet turned in by the hunters; however, some participants estimated that the total kill might have reached 40,000. Forest Service and Fish and Game files indicate that within ten years, the total deer herd had recovered and filled its former habitat.

During the eight years I was stationed at Sonora with the Department of Fish and Game, I heard much talk about the hoof and mouth slaughter. Some claimed there never was a virus at all, and that the slaughter was a cover up so the banks would have an easier time foreclosing on the area cattlemen who were deeply in debt. Some blamed Lloyds of London. The mechanics of this thinking were never fully explained.

If you perchance journey to the Mother Lode and hear an unsuccessful deer hunter bemoan his rotten luck, don't be surprised if you hear him curse the hoof and mouth slaughter or the Department of Fish and Game for killing does.

As the trapping program was being phased out, I worked with Fish and Game biologists, doing deer range reconnaissance work. This includes methods of measuring deer range utilization.

I thought of Grubby at times, and wondered what he would have thought of me now that I was working as a "posey-picker." He probably would have disowned me if I had sprung some of my newly acquired scientific plant names on him.

Numerous training sessions and field trips were made to depleted deer winter ranges. It was here that the value and usefulness of the numbered locking box car seals was demonstrated. Mature key browse species that had been tagged five years previously were now being found as deadwood being kicked around on the ground. The numbered tags still locked in place made identification possible. The continued degradation and downward trend of Tuolumne County's winter deer ranges had been well documented, but not accepted.

On my final field trip with biologists and sportsmen in 1953, it was the same old story of nonacceptance. After the biologist finished his presentation, one anti-doe shooter said, "You people are full of crap — the hills look green to me." One of the scientists pointed out that what he was looking at was pine trees and he was standing on the winter range.

VALLEY ELK

My indoctrination into the attitudes of some Owens Valley ranchers toward the Tule Elk came early in my game warden's career. Feeling my way around a new district was interesting and revealing. The first cattle rancher I met in the field, left my extended hand dangling in mid-air, shifted his cigar to the other side of his mouth, glowered and spewed, "We're gonna kill every one of your God damned elk." I recoiled; "How much like the Rocky Mountains," I thought, while recalling the young Wyoming ranch hand who had killed two officers over elk problems.

More revealing was the talk that drifted out of Owens Valley bars when the bourbon flowed freely. Ranchers toasted each others' health while cursing the imported animals that had been feeding on their grazing leases since 1933.

"Shoot'em in the face and let'em stagger around blind till they starve to death" was one loudmouth rancher's cry. Another cattleman supposedly armed his riders with .22 rifles with instructions to shoot elk calves in the belly. They would crawl away and die, their smaller carcasses decomposed more rapidly, leaving little evidence. Another rancher claimed he solved his problem by disemboweling an elk and dragging it around the outer perimeter of his alfalfa fields with a tractor. This was later substantiated by some skeletal remains found outside an alfalfa field. There was little proof that this was a common practice as gossip had indicated. Nor did it show that this was the thinking of all valley ranchers. There was also little proof of the claim of one "blow gut" that all the bull elk calves were being castrated. If they had been cut it would certainly have shown up in antler growth, or lack of it, "stag heads" and other evidence of neutered bulls. Occasionally there are deformed antlers due to nutritional deficiencies or injuries to the antler when it is in velvet.

Moreover, there were few stags taken during the five Tule Elk hunts in which I acted as a guide. None of the bull elk seized from poachers were neutered either. All had normal family jewels, safe in their fuzzy pouch. However, in the mid 1970's, a neutered earmarked bull elk was captured in the Owens Valley. Wildlife pathologist Brian Hunter named him "Brucie."

Talk is cheap, but talk is still talk and drifts with the wind. In this case, it was drifting into the camp of the anti-hunters. Letters of complaint to Department of Fish and Game headquarters demanded an answer. "Why were Owens Valley ranchers allowed to treat the elk like a householder treats a cockroach?"

About this time, Russell Annabel, war correspondent and outdoor writer had obtained permission from the Department of Fish and Game to do an article on the Paiute trout in the White Mountains. This sub-species of the cutthroat trout were at that time fully protected. Permission had been granted to me to catch, photograph and return the specimens back to the water. Annabel was also interested in the Tule Elk so we proceeded to obtain information and pictures. This gave me an opportunity to scratch a little deeper into Owens Valley elk habitat. While exploring the Owens River bottom, we discovered remains of Tule Elk quite frequently. While inspecting the crude, amateurish butchering job on two large bull elk, Annabel said, "It looks like your work is cut out for you."

Besides patrolling elk habitat I also spent lots of spare time bass fishing on the lower Owens River and found remains of butchered elk quite common. There were indications that during the year the Inyo County warden's position was vacant, lots of free meat had been taken.

Both poaching and cattle rustling were going on, butchered remains of elk and beef cattle were being found.

Late one night, a telephone call revealed that a group had just finished cutting up an elk in a local restaurant and disclosed the place it would be stored. Captain Charles Kanig of the Bishop Fish and Game patrol was notified. He advised me not to do anything by myself. The following morning a search warrant was obtained and the residence in question was gone over. The search revealed a bloody door knob, a well-scrubbed freezer and freshly-washed pickup truck — and ha ha — no meat; somebody had spilled the beans.

Laughter and brags of the suspects brought angry citizen response that triggered letters to the Department of Fish and Game. This prompted the department to ask me to put together a list of all the known and reported poachers. Soon some snooping would be done in an attempt to sift some facts from the whiskey talk.

About this time, Game Warden Al Crocker of Big Pine had signed a complaint against an Owens Valley rancher after seven Tule Elk had been found dead in his field. The case was dismissed for lack of evidence — no one had seen the shooter. There was much discussion about this case. The judge had cattle interests. The other question in peoples minds was, why no one was asked to explain the presence of the dead elk, and seven dead elk seemed to be quite a lot of evidence.

The highlight of this "circus of justice" came when the defense attorney was questioning a prospective juror. When asked if she had ever served as a juror before, she answered in the affirmative. The attorney then asked, "To what did the trial pertain?" She said, "A chicken-stealing case." The attorney grinned and stroked his moustache while formulating the punch line, "Oh, is it against the law to steal chickens in Inyo County?" This brought down the house. Later, the outcome of the case brought down the wrath of the hunters, preservationists and anti-hunters. All thought it wrong to shoot elk and leave them lay.

After these happenings, the Department of Fish and Game got into full scale elk herding activities.

Wardens, biologists and what was left of the "illiterate employees," took up nightly stations in relays to keep elk out of the ranchers' alfalfa fields. It made for long days and nights, especially during the summer, when fishing season was in full swing. At this time, alfalfa fields also needed maximum protection. We had quite an array of weapons to keep elk out of the fields. Cracker shells as used by orchardists, and smoke pots from the Highway Department. Flares and rockets were also tried, but abandoned, since they were a fire hazard. The automatic repeating carbide cannon was a good deterrent for a while. After a time, the elk fed ever closer to the booming cannon and its effectiveness was ended. Once elk start using an alfalfa field, they are hard to keep away. Human presence seemed the only effective discouragement.

During the 1955 Tule Elk hunt, I was patrolling my assigned district out of Independence, when I received a radio call from Captain Kanig that he might need some help. He was observing a group of armed riders shooting into a herd of elk. I answered back that I had also observed the action.

I watched the fast-moving animals for a few minutes to determine if any had been hit. I noticed one animal with a broken leg fall back and shortly another humped up and fell.

The riders in hot pursuit were closing in, headed in my direction near the fallen elk. The area was rough and boggy without a road, so it was necessary to intercept the shooters on foot. I immediately took off and the reserve warden stayed with the vehicle and informed the captain of my action. I crossed a fence and canal full of knee-deep water and ran the one-third of a mile to where the elk had fallen. We reached the dead animal at the same time and the older man opened, "What the hell ya doing running like a damned fool out here in my field? This is my cattle lease and its open season on these sons 'o bitches, you don't know who the hell I am, do you — you must be some new recruit up from L.A." I told him I didn't care who he was and was only interested in seeing three elk permits, since all three had fired into the elk herd. His carbine was pointed at me while he gave me a lesson in cow country profanity. The other riders had their rifles in a scabbard. All were abusive and appeared to have been drinking.

I was scared, but reassured since I knew the other officers were watching the action. I knew I had to get the rifle from the irate man. I stepped away from the menacing muzzle and passed in front of his mount towards the other riders and talked about the hunt, and sidled closer to the ranchman, turned toward him slowly so as not to spook his horse. He now held the carbine in his left hand, the butt towards me. I edged closer and spoke softly, when near enough, I grabbed the buttstock and lever. As the horse shied away, he had to either turn loose or be unseated. As the front sight passed through his hand it pulled off his leather glove. I ejected a live round, levered another round in the chamber, dropped the hammer and said, "Now, let's talk about some hunting licenses and elk tags." Only one man had an elk tag. He was told to dress the downed elk. The other two shooters, belligerent and uncooperative, smelling of whiskey, were asked to accompany me to the patrol cars where the captain had just arrived. The captain told them since they both fired they were in violation. I was instructed to take the serial numbers of the rifles and return them. The rancher complained of harassment and the captain told him that anytime anyone fired at elk he better have a hunting license and an elk tag. To top it off, we now had a badly hurt crippled elk to dispatch. Since three officers observed the violation, the men were told that a complaint would likelv be filed against them.

This happened on a Saturday morning, and the sagebrush grapevine had it that the rancher and party repaired to the

Pines Cafe where Inyo County's Judiciary was already in session. Here, the District Attorney, the Superior Court Judge, the Justice Court Judge and a practicing attorney could be found in their off hours — sometimes their on hours. Fish and game justice was the joke of the day. That same weekend I cited another hunter for shooting two elk (he was permitted one). When I went to court on Monday morning, I was told there would be no complaint issued against the rancher. The judge fined the man $10.00 who shot the extra elk. The judge asked me if I had any idea who the man was, and told me he was one of the leading business men in Los Angeles, and a personal friend. I sure got tired of hearing who people were that weekend.

The most tiring thing about that weekend was taking the eight dead and crippled elk out of the field that turned up as 'extras.' This was caused by hunters thoughtlessly shooting into a herd of elk or mortally wounding one and shooting another — thinking they had missed. Many hunters don't realize that an elk takes lots of killing and can run a great distance after being shot through a vital organ.

It was clear that something had to be done to stop the crippling loss and waste of elk. Several hunt procedures changed following the 1955 Tule Elk hunt. Prospective hunters had to pass a marksmanship test that required placing three consecutive shots, off hand, in an eight-inch bullseye at 100 yards. Without this ability no elk hunting permit would be issued. Besides that, all subsequent hunts would be conducted with a game warden guide to supervise the taking of elk.

In spite of the more orderly hunts that followed, there was criticism from anti-hunters and ridicule from the local populace.

Before each hunt the Department of Fish and Game conducted hearings in Independence to obtain public input. It was at one of these meetings that I encountered organized anti-hunters for the first time. I was amused when Beulah Edmiston read from W.T. Hornaday's NATURAL HISTORY (published in 1906) as if it were the latest on elk. Other unreasonable proposals were not funny. Especially the suggestion that hunters should choose up sides and kill each other. The meetings had highly emotional presentations by anti-hunters. Ranchers told of crop loss and ripped up fences. There was an extreme proposal that all the elk be "cowboyed" out of the valley. Just as extreme were the anti-hunters' plan to make an inviolate elk sanctuary in the Owens Valley and close it to all other use.

The Department of Fish and Game was in the middle and wardens were accused of not doing their jobs.

Besides elk being taken by poachers and shot by ranchers, there was a loss to hunting every deer season when deer hunters mistakingly shot bull elk for deer. Others learned identity in time.

One deer season, a large bull elk had been spooked off the Owens River bottom. He ascended the earthquake fault embankment and headed towards Highway 395. He turned back abruptly as the screeching brakes of hunters' cars and the disturbance of excited talk and unloading hunters filled the air. Someone soon identified it, "It's a bull elk, don't shoot!" One unbelieving young hunter shouldered his rifle and with binoculars swinging gave hot pursuit. By the time I crawled through the fence the hunter had also disappeared. I sprinted several hundred yards and when I saw the hunter on the slope below he was in a kneeling position aiming at a fast-moving bull darting between the willow thickets. After I yelled, he turned angrily, "You spoiled my shot — you just want him for yourself." He again started in pursuit; I yelled, "Go ahead and kill him, I'll feed the meat to you in jail." He turned and said, "No kiddin', is that really an elk?" On the way back to the road, he told of having hunted deer unsuccessfully for several years and had no idea there were elk in the area.

Another time during the deer season, a radio call from a sheriff's unit relayed the information from a citizen who had observed a man in the back of a moving pickup truck chopping on two large antlered animals with an axe. A check was made of the reported location on the east side of the Owens River. The dust cloud of a pickup held my interest and when it ended in a secluded camp site I stopped and glassed the spot. Several people were rushing around two parked pickups. When two men threw an object in the river, I decided to investigate. As I drove up, a man, in bloody coveralls, with an axe in his hands, stepped behind a willow tree.

Two other men and a woman continued to load camping gear in a pickup. The other pickup fit the description I had received. It stood with doors open and a scoped rifle was leaning against the seat. I arrested one of the men for possession of a loaded firearm in a vehicle, and soon had everything under control. I then focused on the blood that was profusely splattered around. The men claimed they had killed a deer, but had thrown the head in the river. Blood was dripping from the bed of the truck that was being loaded. I soon found the torsos of two large Tule Elk secreted under a 4x8 piece of plywood on which the camping gear was being stacked. It was a gory butcher job.

Later the two heads with necks attached were retrieved from the Owens River. The eight severed legs were not found. The three male suspects pleaded guilty and were fined $500.00 each, plus costs for illegal possession of Tule Elk.

With each succeeding Special Tule Elk hunt in the Owens Valley, there seemed to be a rising tide of anti-hunting sentiment. It was not until the 1969 hunt that we found anti-hunters in the field 'shaming' hunters. "Doesn't it bother you to kill innocent animals? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

What the anti-hunters lacked in lust for blood they made up for in guts. One near confrontation occurred when I brought a successful elk hunter to the checking station with his dead animal. While the biologist was taking information, some anti-hunters were taking photographs of the dead bull that had been expertly dispatched with a frontal neck shot. The bull's tongue was hanging out and an eyeball bugged out of the socket. A woman was crying and said, "Look at its tongue, look at its poor eye." The hunter turned and said, "You didn't get permission to take pictures, and he ain't gonna need his eyeballs anymore and I' intend to eat the tongue." I asked this group to leave. There were other reports of minor confrontations, but there were no demonstrations. The anti-hunter's crowd was small, however, Inyo County law enforcement was standing by in case they were needed.

Interference from anti-hunters finally brought Tule Elk hunting in the Owens Valley to a halt. Biologically, it had been proven that this herd could be hunted regularly. It would be healthier and more prolific. Certainly better balanced. The feelings of those close to the resource who felt the brunt of interference was probably best expressed by the ranch hand unravelling and repairing an elk-ruined fence: "I hope the 'bleeding hearts' are just as frustrated as that bunch of thirsty bachelor bulls that don't have any love life."

FLORIDA GREMLINS

Hurricane Alberto and a series of storms from May 24 to June 21 set the stage for the Florida wildlife tragedy in Conservation Area 3A in the spring of 1982. With excess water, the South Florida Water Management District pumped into Area 3A faster than it could be pumped out.

When rising water began to cover vital habitat, the management plan for deer removal was set into motion.

Preparations for an emergency hunt to remove 2,200 deer of an estimated population of 5,500 were begun. A news release on June 24 advised sportsmen of the impending crisis, and that a hunt was necessary. Wildlife biologists backed by organized hunting and fishing clubs and most conservation and environmental groups supported the hunt.

According to the report in *Florida Wildlife,* November 1982, the opposition to the hunt rallied around a Miami attorney, Michael Hacker, who filed a motion in the 11th Judicial Circuit Court of Dade County for an injunction to halt the hunt. The suit and the publicity resulting from it, greatly increased the tempo of the anti-hunt crusade. Radio talk shows and television led their nightly programs with coverage of the issue. Hacker was joined by Jack Kassewitz, Jr., a wildlife rescue specialist in Dade County, who said he could rescue the deer.

Hacker's motion was denied by Judge Edward Klein on July 13. Anti-hunters said they would seek a higher court to stop the hunt.

In the meantime, by a random drawing, deer tags and permits for the hunt had been issued to the owners of swamp-travelling vehicles. Five hundred permits were issued for a two-day hunt — July 16-17, north of Alligator Alley and 1,000 for July 18-19, south of this major highway.

On July 15, the day before the hunt north of the Alley, the 3rd District Court of Appeals agreed to hear Hacker's motion. According to *Florida Wildlife,* that day, the opposition was joined by Cleveland Amory, president of the Fund for Animals. Amory's presence cast all the others into the background as he was understandably hounded by reporters who jumped at the opportunity to play off grandstanding statements such as, "I'll be able to understand the hunters after I've shot a few."

Amory vowed to carry on the fight after the three-judge panel found Hacker's motion without merit.

Seven hours before the hunt, on the north side of the Alley, Miami Federal Judge Eugene Spellman granted a temporary restraining order good through 5 p.m., July 17, to allow the Court more time to review the case.

By this time, many hunters had established their camps and others were arriving. Wildlife officers had their hands full spreading the word that the hunt had been cancelled.

On Friday morning, Judge Spellman appointed an eight-man panel and instructed the Game Agency to take the panel and witnesses for the hunt opponents into the Everglades on a fact-finding mission. The judge himself inspected the area by helicopter.

Preservationists and the judge's panel met in Spellman's courtroom on Saturday morning. Kassewitz had been devastated by what he saw. Amory claimed to have seen only one "well-viewed" deer carcass. Amory and crew argued that endangered species would be affected by hunting activity. They claimed the indigo snake, the gallinule and Key deer as endangered species. Florida officials pointed out that the threatened indigo snake is not found in the Everglades, the gallinule is a common game bird, and the Key deer is generously distributed in the Everglades. Judge Spellman dissolved the restraining order since Amory's parade of wildlife witnesses failed to prove harm to endangered species.

The anti-hunters' cries of "wolf" were groundless, but since they had testified in court that they could relocate 2,000 deer in eight days, they were going to be given a chance to prove it. Instead of rescheduling the hunt on the north area, the Commission would allow the Fund for Animals from Sunday morning until Tuesday noon to live-capture 100 deer. This number was considered fair since the Fund had claimed ability to capture 250 a day.

Amory accepted the proposal and animal rescue expert Kassewitz was put in charge of the operation.

Sunday morning the hunt south of Alligator Alley got underway. Some of the hunters returned with their deer in 70 minutes. Hunters were met with weeping, shouting, and the click and grinding of cameras. According to reports, wildlife officers controlled the situation by keeping protestors and sportsmen apart.

The rescue operation north of the Alley didn't begin until noon. As the captured deer arrived, there was shoving and verbal exchanges. Order was again restored by wildlife officers.

By the end of the day, hunters had removed 518 deer — the rescuers had live-captured only 14. Permits had been issued for 1000 air boats, only 600 showed up; of the promised 90 "rescue" craft, only 7 materialized.

On Monday, the turnout was even worse. Hunters removed another 205 deer. Only 3 rescue airboats had returned. They captured 4 deer and killed one doe by running over it with an airboat.

Animal rescuer Kassewitz announced he was giving up, but admitted, "The Commission was correct, it is a physical impossibility to remove enough animals to significantly reduce the population in this area." In spite of the fact that only 18 deer were "rescued", where 750 needed to be taken off the north area, Amory claimed victory. He admitted to nothing. Hunters wondered if he calculated victory by the amount of misery he caused the hunt participants and the game agency personnel. The critical five days lost by the injunction caused Colonel Brantley to cancel the hunt north of the Alley due to the weakened condition of the deer.

In the north area, where the hunt could not be rescheduled, mortality among the deer soon exceeded an estimated 65 percent. The south side fared much better. Even with the 723 deer taken by the hunters, total mortality was estimated at only 23 percent.

Had the hunt been allowed to proceed as planned, several hundred more deer would have wound up in the freezer instead of becoming forage for the maggots. The failure of the massive case of interference is quite obvious, and when one considers that only 11 of the relocated deer survived, little was accomplished.

Few people really understood what happened in the Florida Everglades deer crisis in the summer of 1982, due to the erroneous and distorted reporting of the media.

Colonel Robert M. Brantley, Executive Director of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, commented in their official publication *Florida Wildlife,* "I do not recall any other time when a professional Wildlife Management decision was turned into such a full scale media circus."

That the media deals first in sensationalism can be witnessed daily. As an example, on March 9, 1983, many viewers were appalled and sickened at its depravity. While the cameras ground on, a young man in Alabama drenched himself with gasoline in a suicide attempt and ran screaming in front of the crew. He might have been stopped at the attempt since his first matches failed to ignite. When asked about this, the "media" said filming was their job and they didn't do anything wrong by allowing the episode to continue.

To make a presentation on dentistry, a producer would most certainly go to a dentist to obtain data — not a street sweeper with a toothache. Yet when the media does a presentation on wildlife problems, many obtain their input from the man on the street. He has what they want — "I am outraged, I'm furious! Isn't it immoral to 'kill off soft, cuddly, brown-eyed animals, sniff-sniff'."

California also had controversy over a

deer herd that needed reduction. Pressure from anti-shooters forced the California Department of Fish and Game to trap 215 deer from Angel Island in San Francisco Bay and relocate them on BLM land near Ukiah, California, during the fall of 1981. Not too many years ago, anti-hunters put their stamp of approval on natural controls, but on Angel Island the suggestion of predator introduction was turned down. As one reporter put it, "Have Bambi eaten by a coyote? Never." Shooting the deer humanely was also turned down. Rather than face an expensive lawsuit filed by the San Francisco Chapter of the S.P.C.A., the Department calculated that trapping and relocation of the deer would be the economical route and settled out of court. Twelve deer died during the capture operation, leaving 203 deer to be released. These relocated deer were all earmarked and 15 adults were fitted with radio collars.

Eleven of 13 deer with functioning radio collars died within one year. Seventeen deer without radio collars were found dead. First recorded mortalities were of emaciated deer. The absence of observations of fawns beyond two months in the release area supports the conclusion that few fawns survived. Applying the 85 percent mortality of the radio-collared sample to the total relocated population probably results in a conservative estimate of mortality of the relocated deer. Furthermore, it does not include the twelve deer that died after capture. (O'Bryan 1983)

The cost of moving the Angel Island deer was also expensive. At the time of relocation it was $431.00 per animal. When the cost is applied to the deer that survived one year after release it comes to $2,876.00 per animal (again using the representative radio-collared sample). The total cost of relocating the Angel Island deer was $87,568.00. "The low survival of the deer during one year following release makes it difficult to justify relocation on the grounds that it is humane." (Mary K. O'Bryan 1983)

It is pretty conclusive: the preservationists' interference accomplished little more than harassment of the resource agencies and brought suffering and trauma to the deer.

The deer of Angel Island as well as the Florida 'Glades died from the stress of capture. Add to this the fact that both populations suffered from malnutrition also made them poor candidates for further stress in new surroundings. Angel Island deer were tame and accustomed to hand feeding in a state park where there were no predators, poachers, or highway traffic. In their new home, all of these hazards existed and added to their high mortality.

Prior to the relocation of the Everglades deer, the animals had been forced to high ground where they soon demolished their food supply. After being removed, the healthiest of the herd returned to their water-bound homes and died. In either case, it would have been more humane if they had been dispatched quickly with a bullet than to suffer this double trauma.

In Florida, the injunction that stopped the hunt was not easily obtained and then was immediately dissolved when anti-hunters failed to prove their case.

Failure in both cases of protectionists to "save the animals" humanely was a great victory for conservationists. The next time a bevy of "bleeding hearts" brings nothing better than sniffles, quivering lips and smudging mascara as evidence to stop a hunt, they may have an even harder time.

Emotionalism vs. biology has been tried, and many important facts have emerged to use as guidelines to support conservation programs in the future. Over the years, some profound changes have occurred in the utilization and management of renewable natural resources. Likewise, there has been a change in the attitude towards hunting since America abandoned the log cabin and moved into condominiums.

Life today can hardly be compared to the pioneer's simple existence. Country living fifty years ago was also different. It certainly was less complicated. I mourn the passing of the rural scene, as it was the gentle people and their nearness to the land that supported them. Their way of living certainly fit easier into nature's cycle. Renewable natural resources were valued since they were a necessary part of survival.

In those days before supermarkets, folks raised their own vegetables. Potatoes, cabbages, onions and other root crops were stored in the cellar for winter use.

There was no refrigeration and other vegetables were canned or pickled. There was also an earthenware crock of sauerkraut, whose aroma blended with the other stored foods, giving the cellar a good smell. This all gave promise of hearty meals when winter snow covered the ground.

Farm animals that ate trustingly out of your hand or sipped milk out of a bucket would one day wind up on the table. So it was with the fatted calf, the familiar Thanksgiving turkey or the spring chicken. That was the way of things in that day.

As the fryer danced its death jig, minus its head, the executioner with hatchet in hand had no particular feeling of being a barbarian. Rather, he had visions of chicken gravy on mashed potatoes with well-browned chicken breast on the side. Although I must admit, that kid-like, I wondered what a young rooster's last thoughts of me were, as I pinioned his legs and wings together and lay his head on the block. His judgment of me must have changed as he realized his fatal mistake in falling for the handful of corn. Of course, my intentions had never wavered, nor had I weakened, since I had intended to fry him all along.

Farm boys did their own "dirty work." Today the anti-hunters and animal protectionists can slip into the 'Colonel's' place unobserved and come out with a sack full of drumsticks. They can then sit as innocent-looking as the cat with a belly full of canary and belch barbequed chicken during their animal protection meetings. There is no blood on their folded hands as they sit and recite their slogan — SAVE THE CRITTERS! SAVE THE CRITTERS!

Cleveland Amory has devoted much time to saving the critters from the gun and the leg-hold trap. In his book MANKIND? he has compiled a dossier of hunters, prominent citizens, he refers to as murders and butchers. Included are well-known celebrities, heads of State, etc.: Joe Foss, Bing Crosby, Arthur Godfrey and on and on. His treatment of them is in the view of the Nuremberg War Crimes trials. Anyone who ever placed a mounted trophy above his mantel is viewed in the same light as the cannibal who shrinks his enemy's head and displays it.

As I read his book MANKIND? it seemed he missed very few of the great hunters. To make his list complete, he might have gone back into Biblical history and picked on Nimrod the first mighty hunter as mentioned in the King James version in Genesis 10:9. Or what about Esau, as mentioned in Genesis 25:27? The fact that Esau was called a "cunning hunter" should in itself stir Amory's bile. This must have slipped by his researchers. Or perhaps these ancient chapters are too revealing, and duly ignored, since they spell out the reason for animal existence in the first place. Adam and Eve, of course, first wore fig leaves. However, it is known that human kind used the flesh and hides of animals from earliest times and it was so decreed by Our Creator.

Animals are a renewable natural resource and were meant to be used and not abused. They are a link in the chain of a natural cycle that is being broken today by man's interference. On the one hand, mindless overuse and environmental destruction; on the other, the attempt to protect wildlife resources and not use any. This also results in environmental destruction and animal deterioration. The overpopulation of burros is one example. This resulted from overprotection. Banking and non-use of animals is as futile as saving this year's lettuce crop for next year's salad. Amory, of course, doesn't recognize animals as a *natural resource* and the term does not appear in the index of MANKIND?.

What a strange paradox. Preservationists on one end and destructionists on the other end of the spectrum of extremism. Developers find environment and animals standing in the way of their paving machines and bulldozers. "They're only fish or they're only birds. Who needs snail-darters or pup fish? What are they good for? They don't believe in renewable resources either — they are only 'useable'."

Interior Secretary James Watt, yoga showman, able to stuff both feet in his mouth, is on this team. His well-known battle cry, "We don't have to worry about endangered species; why we can't even get rid of the cockroach." Watt has an unusual slant on resources also. He fears we won't use them up before Doomsday. From all indications, the end is near, so burn up your woodpile and fry that last slab of bacon that's hanging in the smokehouse.

It is truly sad that extremists can't be brought together to fight habitat destruction — a common enemy threatening all wild creatures and mankind as well.

The smoke and tracks of 'progress' are rendering our once "America the Beautiful" uniformly unrecognizable — not the gun, not the trap, not the fur farm.

Amory has participated in endless debates against hunting: one of his main missions in life. He knows all the hunters' arguments better than some of the hunters. He knows all the cliches, politics and policies of true conservation which he quotes as well as any biologist. In spite of this, he clings to the "Theory of Disneyism: All things live forever till *Homo Sapiens* comes along with a gun and shoots it."

After reading his hard line against hunting, trapping and the killing of wild animals, it comes as a surprise to hear him admit to the need for 'cropping' a wild animal population, as he does on page 107 in MANKIND? ..."while it is certainly true that these examples, be they elephants in the Tsavo or deer in the Catskills, where there is actually over-population and therefore some animals will have to be either located or, as a too final resort, 'culled' or 'cropped' this still does not make it a 'sport' anymore than it is 'sport' to 'put down' or 'put to sleep' or whatever an excess of dogs or cats in an animal shelter." In this it seems that Amory objects more to the "sport" of hunting than the killing of animals per se.

Speaking of animals, I one time knew an old sheep, "Polly" they called her, that thought she was a cow. From early maidenhood she ran with the farmer's herd of milk cows. Whenever the cows had a mooing session, old Polly joined in. Wilma, the farmer's daughter, observed that during the vocal lessons the old ewe practiced imitating the cows. After a time, she tuned out the quavering bleat of a sheep. Her falsetto came out quite cow-like. The only time she acted "sheepish" was during mating season. She hadn't gone that far down the road of being different that she didn't know where to go to make little mutton chops. Everyone of her lambs deserted her after weaning and joined their own kind. They didn't approve of the kind of company mama was keeping.

Cleveland Amory thinks he is a Conservationist but makes it clear that he doesn't "run with the herd" of those who call themselves the conservationists of today.

He calls the World Wildlife Fund an organization with a "gung-ho hunter hang up." This is a group that has done much to save wildlife habitat on a worldwide scale. They understand biological principles and their activities are based on solid scientific research, not emotionalism.

Any organization that condones the "butchery" of hunting is disowned by Amory. This includes the National Audubon Society, the Wilderness Society, the Wild Life Management Institute and many others. Would you believe he also takes a poke at the S.P.C.A. since some of its chapters do not oppose hunting?

Amory has his own definition of the word conservation. In his book MANKIND? he calls it a new-fangled idea seized upon by hunters and claims the word itself was turned from the idea of protecting and saving animals to the idea of raising them and using them for killing. He continues, "...the idea of wildlife management for man of course — was born. Animals were to be 'harvested'."

That's it, Cleve, you hit the nail on the head. Wild animals are a renewable natural resource, "a crop," that is meant to be used.

Aldo Leopold, certainly one of America's leading conservationists, recognized "outdoor" resources as one integral whole — and "Conservation through wise use" as a public responsibility. This is what is taught today in institutions of higher learning where biological sciences are in the curriculum.

Practical and down-to-earth people find the present day attitude towards the burro management hard to understand. Today's society is no longer close to the land. It is more citified than rural, and so the thinking. Citified people know what brand of perfumery to use to be a sweet-smelling bed partner, but know little of land and life style that has been forsaken.

In that by-gone day when toil and sweat (that's what they called it) was an indication of hard manual labor, the prospector and desert travel utilized the burro. Basically, the burro was used as a pack animal. However, these folks were aware of the fact that burros were protein and when the occasion arose that fresh meat was needed, burro meat was included in the bill of fare.

Old Mirandy was tough and stringy and was needed to pack ore from the Golden Queen diggings — so it was of necessity that her foal, also the camp pet, be sacrificed for the miners' "get together." Old miners that participated in these celebrations didn't remember if anyone cried tears of regret as they hovered around the whiskey keg. Barbequed burro is fit food.

The 1939 California burro law forbade the use of burro meat for animal food, but still allowed it for human consumption.

As more attention was being focused on the wild burro, it's *sacred cow* status emerged. Subsequent laws in 1953 and 1957 stopped the consumptive use of burro meat. For many desert dwellers who enjoyed barbequed burro, this was a waste of renewable resource. As time passed, everything about the wild burro became more restrictive. The 1971 law was the final straw that through total protection accelerated the rate of burro reproduction on all ranges.

Under the 1971 law, a research study was assigned to the National Academy of Science (NAS) to recommend management for wild horses and burros. This project was carried out by the Committee on Wild and Free Roaming Horses and Burros. Rumblings out of Washington during the review had it that the committee was being dominated by one of its members, Patricia D. Moehlman. The NAS report completed in 1982 is now in the hands of resource managers and Congress. Anyone who wondered how scientific the report would be had the answer. It has a Moehlman flavor. After listing some examples of range damage, the report states, "We do not cite these examples to imply in any way that these kinds of severe impact are widespread or common in the wild horse and burro ranges of the western United States. In fact, we have seen very few areas with heavy vegetation impacts, although we have asked the BLM to show them to us." One wonders where they looked.

Moehlman refused to see burro damage in Death Valley. Her divergent views and disagreement (sometimes loud we are told) with Dr. Charles Hansen (*Sierra Life* July-August 1982) are still remembered in Death Valley circles. Had Dr. Hansen lived to continue his studies, there might have been some different seating arrangement at the NAS. This incredible denial of range damage was discussed with Mrs. Mary DeDecker, noted botanist and authority on plants in the eastern Sierra. While taking the plant inventory for the BLM's California Desert Plan, she found heavy and severe damage on all burro ranges. Her description of undrinkable water holes, with heavy burro trails and denuded hillsides: "A disgusting mess." Pooling more than half a century of reporting this mess, we decided Moehlman should take her blinders off.

Next, the burro-bighorn conflict is mentioned. "Some committee members consider it a strong probability that burros have been detrimental to desert bighorn...However, the committee is not unanimous in these views...there is a strong need for conclusive experimental research to answer once and for all the question of whether burros are competitors with desert bighorn."

Many in the scientific community have accepted the fact that burros seriously affect bighorn populations. This has consistently been rejected by Moehlman. It has been referred to as The Theory of Moehlmanism — or the New Opinionated Science: The only one who has to prove anything is the opposition. When proof is offered, immediately reject it. Be argumentative, this way you keep the upper hand. If someone observes "The Sky Is Blue," challenge it immediately. How blue? What do you base that on? Do you have a degree in Art? Have you studied color? This is getting down to the nitty gritty of true scientific probing. This is the proper methodology in action and you need never arrive at an answer.

I have many friends in the scientific community and observe them gathering data professionally and presenting it. I haven't seen any of them teetering on the shaky stool of bias with both hands stuck in the methodology jar.

I have wondered how much worse off our deer management programs would be today had Dr. Starker Leopold posed bottle feeding Bambi while he studied California deer ranges.

So it was that I read with great amusement in the NAS report "Primary criteria of management success is public opinion."

I may not have scratched very high on the tree of science but for more than thirty years have been swinging high on the vines in the life zone of common sense, where I also have learned much about public opinion. And, Ms. Moehlman, I see you, Sweet Pea and your bias as great opinion makers. Opinion is not in the same class as a court injunction, but is more insidious and just as effective in breaking management programs.

After Moehlman and Sweet Pea joined Wells and Wells, and later on C.B. Hunt, to form the tiny exclusive "Burros don't poop in the waterhole club," the three opinions have leaned on each other to form the protectionist's "library." (*Sierra Life* July-August 1982)

A recent exhibit of this occurred at the Naval Weapons Center on May 6, 1981. Before the burro scoping meeting I was having a discussion with Mrs. Sylvia Winslow, a respected well-known citizen who has done much for her community. She is pro-burro and an opinion maker with a following. I have no less respect for her. She was armed with the pro-burro library and was soon saying, "Pattie said this and Welles said that." I told her that her "authorities" were full of prunes and that I had never before witnessed a case where a stubborn few (under the guise of science) had so greatly affected resource management. That same week Mrs. Winslow posed for the *Ridgecrest Independent Daily* under the caption "Burros aren't all that bad," cradled in her arms was Hunt's book on Death Valley. In the news article Winslow went into a typical "burro zealot" tirade and charged Pete Sanchez, Death Valley Resource Specialist, of deceitfully showing tourists purported burro range damage. Sometime later, a naturalist asked me what I had said to Mrs. Winslow before the meeting, since that was the quietest she had ever been. I hoped I might have been an opinion changer.

As the NAS report continues, it is perplexing and contradictory under range hydrology: "The existing knowledge about the impact of wild equids (horses and burros) on range hydrology is scanty at best. Virtually no information exists in scientific journals, nor was such research funded during phase II of the NAS effort." This brings up the question — why not? — since the western water hole has been the main point of contention in the so-called burro controversy, and is acknowledged. Moreover, water is a scarce commodity and therefore in particular need of proper management.

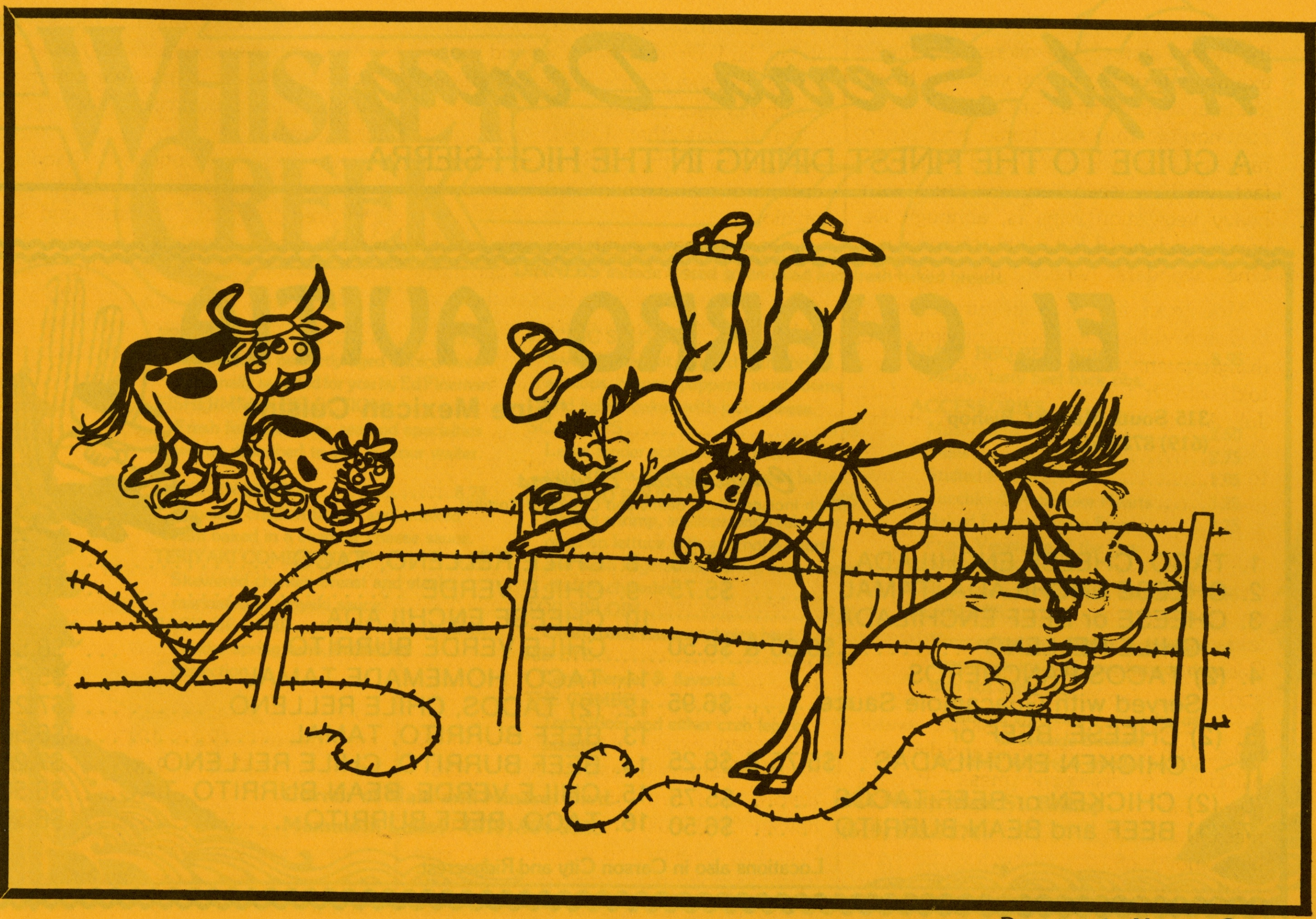
The report continues, "However, numerous anecdotal comments have appeared from time to time, and some limited in-house reports have been issued by various Federal agencies that purport to identify the hydrologic impacts of wild equids." And incredibly, the report goes on, "Lacking an adequate and systematic knowledge base on which to judge the effects of feral equids, the Committee has no choice but to assume that wild equids impact range hydrology in a manner similar to that of livestock. Considerable information exists in scientific journals on the hydrologic impacts of livestock grazing."

"Grazing, whether by large mammals or other herbivores, has an impact on watershed parameters. It has been recognized for 70 years that heavy, continuous grazing accelerates erosion and run-off." (Rich 1911, Duce 1918, Sampeon and Weye 1918) The literature is filled with examples of the adverse impacts of over-grazing on watersheds. This seems a direct contradiction to what is said in the first part of range hydrology that knowledge about equid impact is scanty at best. In this paragraph it says, "Grazing by large mammals or other herbivores." Equids fit this description, but no exceptions were made.

Love wrote in 1958, "..there is a large body of information leading to the conclusion that heavy grazing has had bad hydrologic consequences. It is doubtful that more investigations are needed to emphasize this conclusion." Recent research has supported Love's conclusion.

The environmental mess brought on by the restrictive Wild Horse and Burro Act of 1971 (forged by pure emotion) is now to be resolved by pure science. NAS recommendations of seven to ten more years of study seem unnecessary to many citizens who see the NAS Committee as an expensive, self-perpetuating montrosity.

The proposed NAS studies seem to deal with wild horses and burros as if they are an endangered species. The discussion on fecal collection and analysis says it should be done with caution until the method has undergone further study. Then why bother? Needless studies to prove every minute detail of equid ecology, for range management purposes, are about as necessary as a study to prove how round the world is. Now that the burro herds of Saline Valley and the Naval Weapons



"First Free Flight"

Drawings by Yvonne Graves

Center have been drastically reduced, some citizens are lulled into a false complacency and feel the problem is solved. But mama and papa burro are going to do what comes naturally and soon there will again be too many. Let us hope that through national mass stupidity we do not allow this to happen again. The 1971 Wild Horse and Burro Act should be amended. Some feel that management should be returned to the states. From 1957 to 1971 under the California burro capturing system, upward of eight thousand burros were removed from desert ranges, and at least kept populations from exploding. If a strictly regulated burro hunting program at that time would also have been in effect, today's burro hassle would have never occurred. With "cute" desert burros in foster homes all over America, sentiment against burro hunting as a control measure will now probably be stronger than ever.

The need for hunting excess animals in the space age is not understood by a society whose minds were shaped from childhood by the anthropromorphic TV morning "Kiddie Hour." My awareness of this came many years ago when a doting father told me of something cute his three year old daughter had said when a roadrunner crossed in front of their vehicle, "Daddy, Daddy, stop quick so I can hear it beep-beep like the real roadrunner does on TV."

In 1983, Death Valley is gearing up to remove the excess burros that resulted from overprotection. The possibility that Death Valley and the Mojave Desert will forever be the nation's broodery to furnish every hamlet in America with an adopted wild donkey is quite remote. Resource managers have hope that the National Monument will be managed as the natural area for which it was intended. Many feel that the 1957 State law that turned Death Valley into a donkey zoo should be repealed. There was as much need for a burro refuge in Death Valley as Okeefenokee had need for a mosquito refuge. If, as a nation, we insist on a wild burro herd perpetuated by the native strain of the prospectors' stock, that can also be accomplished in a selected area.

In the case of the wild burro, we again have an example of where public interference brought a management program to its knees. If the same forces were at work in the medical field we would be practicing voodooism instead of medicine. A society boasting of technological progress and scientific advancement is travelling backwards in the field of natural resource management.

Some feel that soon, technology will solve all our problems when the thinking computer hits the market. Being of pure metal, it will not have been instilled with greed. No urge to grab the other monkey's banana. Having no gender and no fleshy lusts, it will never waste a gaze into the beckoning shadows of a mammary valley exposed by a lowcut gown, nor have its pulse quicken when bikini-saddled buttocks wiggle down the beach.

Nothing but clear-cut decisions and intelligent advice would be emitted from it. People wouldn't believe it, either. They might say; "It isn't human" or "Some environmentalist brain 'washed' it."

Now, if it sat on a higher stand — or maybe a lower one? Perhaps if you carried it on a pole?

It's always nice to find your way back to the place from where you started. No Michael, I don't know if computers make bubbles when they drown. ■

***Some Squirrels I Have Known** is an excerpt from Vern Burandt's upcoming book of the same name. If you wish to order a copy of the book when published, please contact Sierra Life and your name will be forwarded to the author.*

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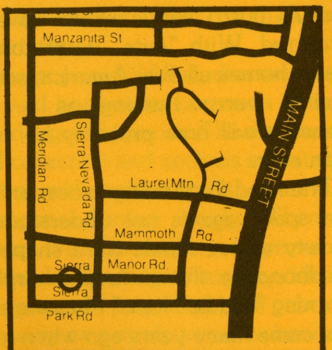

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Selected entrees are available as Creekside Dinners for those wishing a smaller portion.

Corner of Main and Minaret Blvd.
Mammoth Lakes (619) 934-2555

524 North Main St. Bishop
(619) 873-7174

Two blocks from Main Street on
Old Mammoth Road, Mammoth
(619) 934-8539

Open 6pm until 10pm
Closed Wednesday and Thursday

OCEAN HARVEST

APPETIZERS

Smoked Fish	3.65	4.95
Shrimp Cocktail		3.95
Crab Cocktail		4.45
Ceviche (in season)		3.65
Prawn Cocktail		5.25
Garlic Prawns		7.75

FRESH TREATS FROM THE EAST

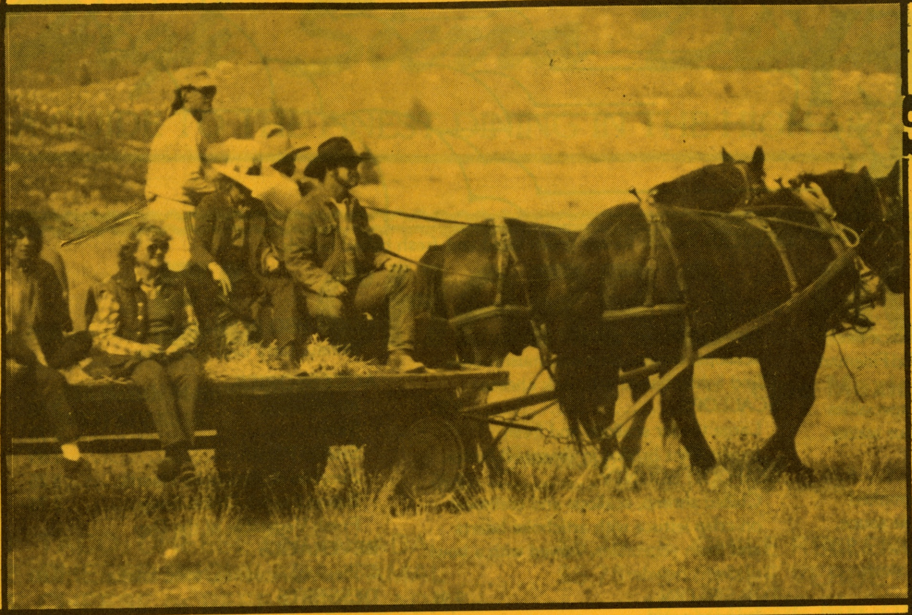
Steamed Clams	5.95	8.95
Clams 1/2 shell		4.50
Oysters 1/2 shell		4.95
Oysters Rockefeller		5.25
Oysters San Lucas		4.95

DINNERS served with freshly baked San Francisco sourdough bread and choice of harvest rice, parsley potatoes or *au gratin* potatoes and tossed green salad.

SWORDFISH STEAK	*Locally caught in Southern California*	12.50
PACIFIC RED SNAPPER	*Tasty boneless filet of deepwater rock fish*	8.95
SEAFOOD COMBO	*Skewer of shrimp, scallops, select cuts of fish*	9.95
AUSTRALIAN LOBSTER TAIL	*Served with drawn butter*	16.95
SKEWERED SCALLOPS	*North Atlantic scallops laced with bacon strips*	10.95
SKEWERED MEXICAN SHRIMP	*Charbroiled to perfection*	10.95
MAHI MAHI	*A popular boneless filet from the South Seas*	8.95
HALIBUT STEAK	*A delicate filet of Northern halibut*	9.95
CALAMARI (SQUID STEAK)	*Breaded and lightly sauteed*	11.50

KING CRAB LEGS priced as available

—Fresh Salads and Homemade Chowder also available—
—Blackboard Specials Nightly—



EQUESTRIAN CENTER

SIERRA MEADOWS

SKI TOURING CENTER

MAMMOTH LAKES, CALIFORNIA

DINNER HAYRIDES

RIDING LESSONS

GUIDED HORSEBACK RIDES

STEAKS:	
Cowboy	20.00
Cowgirl	18.00
CHICKEN	17.00
HAMBURGER	14.00

Children 10 and under $14.00

RESERVATIONS:
(619) 934-6161

MONO INN — Four miles north of Lee Vining

On Highway 395 just north of the east entrance to Yosemite

ENTREES INCLUDE SALAD BAR, BAKED POTATO/RICE PILAF, BREAD & BUTTER, COFFEE OR TEA

PRIME RIB, baked potato	
Regular cut	10.75
Mono cut	14.00
TOP SIRLOIN, baked potato	11.50
TERIYAKI TOP SIRLOIN, baked potato	11.75
BEEF KABOB, wine marinated, rice pilaf	9.25
STUFFED CHICKEN BREAST, rice pilaf	9.00
Feta cheese, herbs & spices, bechamel sauce	
GROUND SIRLOIN, baked potato	6.25
COMBINATION, baked potato	18.95
Top Sirloin & Lobster Tail	
LOBSTER TAIL, baked potato	21.95
HALIBUT EN PAPILLOTE, baked potato	9.25
Baked in parchment paper	

Side Orders		
Sauteed Mushrooms		1.95
Salad Bar — Bread & Butter		3.50
Baked Potato		0.95
Desserts		
Mud Pie		0.95
Ice Cream (Vanilla & Chocolate)		0.50
Beverages		
Milk	0.35	0.55
Hot Chocolate		0.40
Coke — Bubble Up		0.50
Coffee		0.45
Decaf		0.45
Tea, hot or iced		0.40

ALSO: A complete selection of Cocktails, Beer and Wine from the Bar.

MONO INN

(619) 647-6581

Open all year,
everyday except Wednesday

Enrico's

AMERICAN AND ITALIAN FOOD

Located at 1015 North Main St. Phone (619) 873-6809. Dinner reservations suggested.

DINNERS

Dinners include Garlic Bread, Salad Bar and Homemade Minestrone Soup

PASTA	
Spaghetti Marinara	6.75
Spaghetti with Meat Sauce	6.75
With Meat Balls	8.00
With Sausage	8.25
Linguini with Clams	8.50
Fettucini Enrico	8.25
FILLED PASTA	
Ravioli (ricotta cheese, spices)	6.75
With Meat Balls	8.00
With Sausage	8.25
Half Ravioli/Half Spaghetti	7.50
With Meat Balls	8.75
With Sausage	9.00
AL FORNO (baked)	
Lasagna	8.75
Manicotti	8.25
Eggplant Parmigiana	8.75

SEAFOOD	
Halibut Steak	8.50
Fried Shrimp	9.25
Seafood Combo	9.25
Scampi	13.75
MEATS	
Veal Piccata	12.95
Veal Parmigiana	12.95
Veal Scaloppini	12.95
Spencer Steak	12.50
Porterhouse Steak 16 oz	13.00
Ground Sirloin Steak	6.75
Chicken Fried Steak	7.50
Fried Chicken	7.50

Also a large selection of PIZZA

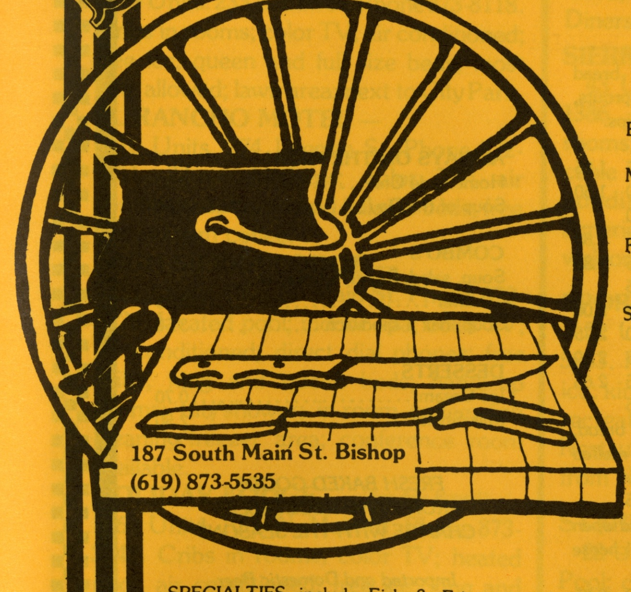
SANDWICHES	
Italian Meat Ball	4.35
Italian Sausage	4.65
Submarine	4.25
Deluxe Burger	4.35
Hamburger	2.75
Grilled Cheese	2.50
Pizza Bread	2.75

DESSERTS	
Spumoni	1.50
Tortoni	1.50
Cheese Cake	2.00
Mousse Cake	2.00
Pie	1.50
Ice Cream or Sherbet	0.90

—CHILDREN'S MENU AVAILABLE—

BAR-B-Q BILLS

John Oney's



187 South Main St. Bishop
(619) 873-5535

SANDWICHES

	Plain	Deluxe
Beef, ham, or corned beef *on French Roll, BBQ Sauce*	2.75	3.99
Mulekicker *Beef, Ortega chili, jack cheese on French Roll*	3.10	4.35
Reuben *Corned beef, Swiss cheese, sauerkraut on rye, grilled.*	2.95	4.20
Steak Sandwich *Top Sirloin on Sourdough with Onion rings, served with choice of baked beans or french fries.*	4.75	

ALSO FEATURED:

- Wagon Wheel Hamburger or Cheeseburger
- Bacon Burger
- Ortega Burger
- Patti Melt
- Big John Burger

served with baked beans or french fries

DINNERS	
Chicken/Rib Combo	6.99
Beef, Corned Beef, Ham or Spareribs	6.99
Top Sirloin Steak	8.49
Deep Fried Shrimp or Scallops	6.99
Rack of Rib	10.99

—All dinners include baked beans, french fries or baked potato (after 5pm) choice of one salad, and garlic bread.

SOUPS, SALADS AND SIDES		
Taco Salad		3.25
Chef's Salad & Garlic Bread		2.99
Soup of the Day	1.25	0.80
Chili	1.95	1.25
Salad A La Carte		0.75
DESSERTS		
Carrot Cake		0.75
Pecan Pie		1.00
Fruit Pie		1.00
Cheese Cake		1.00

SPIRITS

Imported and Domestic beers

Budweiser on Tap	
Mug	0.65
Pitcher	2.65

Wines and wine coolers

Children's menu available

SPECIALTIES include Fish & Fries, served with coleslaw, for $3.99.

Call ahead for promptly-filled take-out orders.

ALTITUDE 9000

AT THE MAMMOTH MOUNTAIN INN
(619) 934-2581

Dinner Menu served 5:30—9:00pm
Also open for Breakfast and Lunch

APPETIZERS

Artichokes, hot or cold	2.75
Jumbo Shrimp	5.50
Potato Casings	2.50
Avocado Vinaigrette	3.95
Crab Cocktail	4.95
Pasta Salad	1.75

A LA CARTE

French Onion Soup au Gratin	2.75
Baked Potato	1.50
Creamed Corn	2.50
Spinach Casserole	2.75
Nightly Vegetable Special	1.50
Sauteed Mushrooms	2.75
Vegetable Casserole	3.00
Onion Rings	2.25

Includes a relish tray, choice of soup or salad, rice or baked potato and our nightly vegetable special.

SALADS

Seafood Salad	5.75
Salad Bar	4.75

ENTREES

CHICKEN CORDON BLEU	8.50
TERIYAKI CHICKEN	7.50
PEACH HONEY DUCK	11.50
BRAISED PORK CHOPS	8.75

TOP SIRLOIN	10.50
TERIYAKI BEEF BROCHETTE	7.95
FILET MARIN	13.00
PEPPER STEAK	12.50
NEW ORLEANS STYLE BARBEQUE RIBS	9.25
PRIME RIB	13.50

Available weekends only in Summer

SEAFOOD

ABALONE STEAK	18.50
CRAB LEGS	
Full	13.00
Half	11.00
SHRIMP TEMPURA	11.00
COQUILLE ST. JACQUES	12.25
BROILED LOBSTER TAIL	

Priced as available

COUNTRY ROAD

NATURAL GOURMET DINING

123 North Main St.
Lone Pine
(619) 876-5671

SALADS: Lettuce, tomato, shredded carrots and zucchini, sprouts and avocado, plus a slice of Robert's bread with butter.

Garden Fresh Dinner Salad	1.95	
Large Dinner Salad	2.65	
Chef's Salad, egg or tofu	3.65	2.50
Chef's Salad, turkey or tuna	3.95	2.85
Lo-Cal Plate	3.25	

SANDWICHES: On wholewheat bread with shredded carrots and zucchini, sprouts, lettuce, tomato, mayonnaise and chips.

Egg Salad	2.75	1.85
Nut Butter	2.00	1.50
Turkey Dog	2.00	
Cheese Sandwich	2.75	1.85
Tofu Salad	2.75	1.85
Vegie Burger	3.25	
Cream Cheese & Avocado	2.95	2.00
Turkey	3.50	2.75
Roast Beef	3.95	2.50
Tuna Salad	3.25	2.65
The Usual *Robert's homemade sourdough bread, served open face with egg salad, melted cheese and avocado*	3.25	
The Unusual *Robert's sourdough bread, served open face with turkey or tuna, melted cheese and avocado*	3.75	
Hungry Special *Egg or tofu salad, cheese & avocado*	3.50	2.75

ALWAYS ON THE MENU

Homemade Chili	2.50	
Soup of the Day	2.25	1.50

COMBO'S

Soup, salad, Robert's bread & butter	3.25
Soup, half a sandwich	3.50

DESSERTS

Ice Cream	0.70
Milk Shake	2.50

FRESH BAKED GOODS,
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
CHANGE WITH THE SEASONS

Imported and Domestic Beer
Premium Wines

Open for Lunch:
10:00-6:00, Mon—Sat, 12:00-6:00, Sunday Friday & Saturday evenings until 9:00

High Sierra Lodging

BISHOP

BISHOP INN —
39 Units. 805 N. Main St. 873-4284. Free cribs in rooms; color TV; heated pool; air conditioned; free ice; king, queen and full size beds; direct dial phones; pets okay; BBQ room; indoor therapy pool; sauna baths; some rooms with wet bar and refrigerator; fish cleaning/freezer room.

BISHOP TOWNHOUSE MOTEL —
34 Units. 625 N. Main St. Phone 872-4541. Color TV; air conditioned; free ice; king, queen, double and twin size beds; direct dial phones. Off-season rates Oct. 15 - Apr. 16.

BISHOP TRAVELODGE —
51 Units. 606 N. Main St. Phone 873-3548. Free cribs in rooms; color TV; air conditioned; free ice; king, queen and full size beds; direct dial phones; pets okay; boat and trailer storage. Family units.

WESTERNER MOTEL — *(See Ad - Page 4)*
55 Units. 150 E. Elm St. Phone 873-3564. Cribs in rooms; color TV; heated pool; air conditioned; free ice; queen and full size beds; direct dial phones; pets okay. Meeting room; water bed. Member of 'Best Western.'

ELMS MOTEL —
19 Units. 233 E. Elm St. Phone 873-8118. Cribs in rooms; color TV; air conditioned; free ice; queen and full size beds; most pets allowed; lawn area; next to City Park.

EL RANCHO MOTEL —
16 Units. 274 Lagoon St. Phone 872-9251. Three kitchens; color TV; air conditioned; queen and full size beds; free ice; in-room coffee.

HIGH SIERRA LODGE —
51 Units. 1005 N. Main St. Phone 873-8426. Heated pool; indoor spa; color TV; air conditioned; direct dial phones; free cribs; king and queen beds; handicap rooms; tub/shower; in-room coffee; fish cleaning/freezer area; conference room available.

HOLIDAY LODGE — *(See Ad - Page 4)*
60 Units. 1025 N. Main St. Phone 873-3543. Cribs in rooms; color TV; heated pool; air conditioned; free ice; king and queen beds; direct dial phones; most pets okay; Bridal suite; wet bar; fireplace; indoor twirl spa; family rooms; fish cleaning/freezer; handicap facilities. Member of 'Best Western.'

MOUNTAIN VIEW MOTEL —
32 Units. 730 West Line St. Phone 873-4242. Free cribs in rooms; housekeeping units; TV; heated pool; air conditioned; free ice; king and full size beds; direct dial phones; pets okay; real coffee. Off-season rates from Oct. 31 - Mar. 31.

PARADISE LODGE —
16 Units. 15 miles north of Bishop. Phone 387-2370. Cabins/housekeeping units; full size beds; pets okay. Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge.

PIUTE LODGE —
16 Units. 796 West Line St. Phone 873-6391. All-electric kitchens; air conditioned; all-electric heat; color TV; direct dial phones; Beautyrest mattresses; shaded patio with BBQ; fish cleaning facilities.

PONDEROSA MOTEL —
60 Units. 651 N. Main St. Phone 873-6381. Color TV; queen beds; room phones; air conditioned. Meeting rooms for 275.

THUNDERBIRD FRIENDSHIP INN
23 Units. 190 West Pine St. Phone 873-4215. Color TV; air conditioned; queen beds; direct dial phones; combination shower/tubs;fish freezing; no pets. Walk to restaurants and shopping. Visa, Master Card, American Express, Carte Blanche, Diners and Conoco cards accepted.

SIERRA FOOTHILLS MOTEL —
43 Units. 535 S. Main St. Phone 872-1386. King, queen and double queen rooms; swimming pool; sauna; spa; color cable TV; free phones; clock radios; air conditioned; free coffee in lobby. American Express, Master Card, Visa welcome.

SPORTSMAN'S MOTEL —
32 Units. 636 N. Main St. Phone 873-5833. Kitchens; TV; air conditioned; free ice; king and queen beds; pets okay; pool; recreation area; direct dial phones. Restaurant on premises. Off-season rates from Nov. 1 - Apr. 15.

STARLIGHT MOTEL — *(See Ad - Page 49)*
22 Units. 192 Short St. Phone 873-4912. Pool; cable TV; air conditioned; free ice; king and full size beds; family units; kitchens/kitchenettes; fish cleaning facilities/freezer; horseshoe pit; pets okay; free cribs in rooms; complimentary coffee in rooms. Weekly rates available.

VAGABOND MOTEL —
80 Units. 1030 N. Main St. Phone 873-6351. Color TV; heated pool; children's playground; air conditioned; all queen beds; family units; sauna bath; fish cleaning facilities/freezer. Restaurant on premises.

VILLAGE MOTEL —
12 Units. 286 West Elm St. Phone 873-3545. Housekeeping units; queen and full size beds; cribs and rollaways; color TV; air conditioned; phones in rooms; in-room coffee; heated pool and kiddie pool; fish cleaning area; lawn; BBQ area with picnic table; free ice; freezer available, pets okay.

LONE PINE

FRONTIER MOTEL — *(See Ad - Page 4)*
56 Units. 1008 S. Main St. Phone 876-5571. Direct dial phones; color TV; heated pool; in-room coffee. Member of 'Best Western.

MOTEL DOW VILLA — *(See Ad - Page 25)*
39 Units. 310 S. Main St. Phone 876-5521. King, queen, double size beds; color cable TV; telephones; pool and spa; coffee in rooms; some pets okay. Master Card, Visa, American Express, Carte Blanche.

MAMMOTH LAKES

KRYSTAL VILLA EAST *(See Ad - Page 4)*
Located just one block from village in Mammoth on Laurel Mt. Rd. All units furnished/modern kitchens/fireplaces. sauna/jacuzzi/swimming pool/recreation room/laundry facilities. Short walk to shops, restaurants and night life! Special weekly rates. Make reservations for ski season. P.O. Box 1132/Mammoth Lakes, CA 93546/(619) 934-2669.

SIERRA NEVADA INN — *(See Ad - Page 55)*
156 Units. Box 918 Mammoth Lakes. Phone 934-2515. In LA area phone (213) 829-3515. Large rooms; kitchens & suites; color TV; limited fireplaces; pool; jacuzzi; sauna; 3 tennis courts. Free winter transportation to the Main Lodge.

WILD WOOD INN — *(See Ad - Page 4)*
32 Units. On Main St/ Hwy 203. PO Box 568 Mammoth Lakes. Phone 934-6855. Two miles on the Shuttle Bus run to skiing and cross country skiing; large jacuzzi & sauna; in-room color TV. Member 'Best Western.'

Bishop
Volkswagen
Porsche + Audi
187 W. Line St.
VOLKSWAGEN

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Visit our new lot at
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featuring fine used cars.
Call Us for Details
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Dedic's Liquor & Deli

"LOWEST GAS PRICES
IN LONE PINE"

The perfect Gift!
Spellbinder
Books

Special Orders
Children's "Book-Nook"
Books on the Area
(For further reading on articles appearing in Sierra Life, contact us.)
137 No. Main St./Bishop, CA 93514
(619) 873-4511

THE BEST!

You'll be convinced these are the best two recipes you've ever tried! **Grandma Stewart's** Chili Sauce and **Grandma Stewart's** Mustard Pickles. These recipes have been passed down through generations and are truly fantastic. You're friends and family will rave about them!

I have enclosed $1.50 for each recipe or $2.50 for both.
Grandma Stewart's Recipes
P.O. Box 1035
Bishop, CA 93514

8 Miles High continued

up. Gusts were beginning to buffet the aircraft and both he and Deibert felt their feet growing numb from the cold. At 36,000 feet Ross regretfully put the TG-3 into a dive, heading for Bishop and the warmer reaches of the atmosphere. It took them an hour to reach the ground. So ended one of the most extraordinary soaring flights in history, to be followed by dozens of record breaking flights above the Owens Valley.

Bill Hinote started out in the bad old days of hang gliding, back before anyone figured out how to keep the aluminum and dacron contraptions from diving into the ground at a moment's notice.

"He was never satisfied with any particular hang glider," says a close friend from those days. "He'd never stick with one until he got comfortable in it. He was always searching for something more — more speed, more performance. You'd see him flying one glider one day, another the next."

Bill worked his way through the ragollos to a foot-launched biplane called an Easy Rider. Then he bought a Mitchel Wing, definitely the ultimate hang glider in terms of performance, but also the trickiest one to fly. But he got cold feet at the last minute and sold it, fearful of the notorious sideslip and the fast landings where a trip could spell disaster.

Bill left hang gliding for sailplanes. He started with trainers and advanced to the popular gliding club Schweizers. A successful businessman, he purchased a high performance sailplane in 1980, a Pik 20. Now each weekend finds him somewhere high above Owens Valley.

One day last July, Bill released from his towplane above Tehachapi and rode thermal lift north to Lone Pine in ninety minutes, pausing to circle in only three thermals along the way. Then, scraping along the base of the clouds at 16,500 feet, he jumped across the Owens Valley to the rocky foothills of the Inyo-White range north of Owens Lake.

"Here comes those White Mountain thermals!" he thought, almost shaking in anticipation. Then WHAMO! One thermal over the first hill took him to cloudbase. He turned north over the spine, refusing to slow down for the "little" thermals less than 1,200 feet per minute up. South of Westgard Pass he flew past two hang gliders, their colors flashing in the sun. He didn't feel he was missing anything at all.

In forty-five minutes he had reached the end of the range without turning once. He had been performing a technique called "dolphining," slowing to seventy miles per hour in the good thermals and speeding up to one hundred in between them. After four hours in the air he had reached Bridgeport, north of Mono Lake, where he flew around above the local mountains to kill time until he had earned the five hours needed for his silver badge.

"The Whites can be scary as hell," says Bill. "Definitely the roughest flying I have ever been in has been in those mountains. You'll be flying along with the vario maxxed out at 1,500 up and the audio band going nuts. And then the lift will shear into extreme down. Suddenly you are going down much faster than you want — like 1,500 down or more. And you tell yourself, 'If this continues, I'm going to go down into one of those nasty canyons!' But there's always another thermal out there to save you."

Veteran pilot Earl Smith warns that because of possible turbulence, a pilot would be "well advised" to ridge-soar the Whites with caution. "Flying down the spine of the Whites in the late afternoon, I ran into smooth roll forces that were well beyond the aileron capabilities of my Libelle, and the left wing slowly went down to about a forty-five degree angle in spite of full aileron. Fortunately, I was several hundred feet above the peaks at the time."

"Another pilot was rolled upside down in the Sierra nearby. He had to fly away from the rocks upside down to get enough altitude to roll over!"

Surprisingly enough, Bill says that flying the Owens Valley has taught him how to relax.

"You have to force yourself to relax. Like the other day, I hit this incredibly smooth thermal north of Westgard Pass. I'm pointed upward at sixty degrees and still accelerating, climbing as if there were a propeller! Flying straight into cloudbase! The altimeter was wrapping itself around itself in lift in excess of 2,500 feet per minute."

The thing Bill loves most to do is to fly with other sailplane pilots above the White Mountains, racing each other on a strong thermal day.

"You actually see the sailplanes dolphining, climbing steeply in the thermals and then diving away. And since they're heavily loaded with water ballast, their wings flex. There's nothing like it. It brings on the competitive urge!"

But of all the reasons Bill flies the Owens Valley, foremost is the spectacular beauty of the deepest valley as seen from the sky. "It's a whole different world," he says, lost for words. "Looking back on the Owens is like a different world..."■

Rick Masters is an aviation journalist and cinematographer. His film of hang gliding in the Owens Valley, AOLI, COMET CLONES AND POT PEOPLE, is distributed worldwide on videotape.

MAMMOTH LAKES . . . REMEMBERING

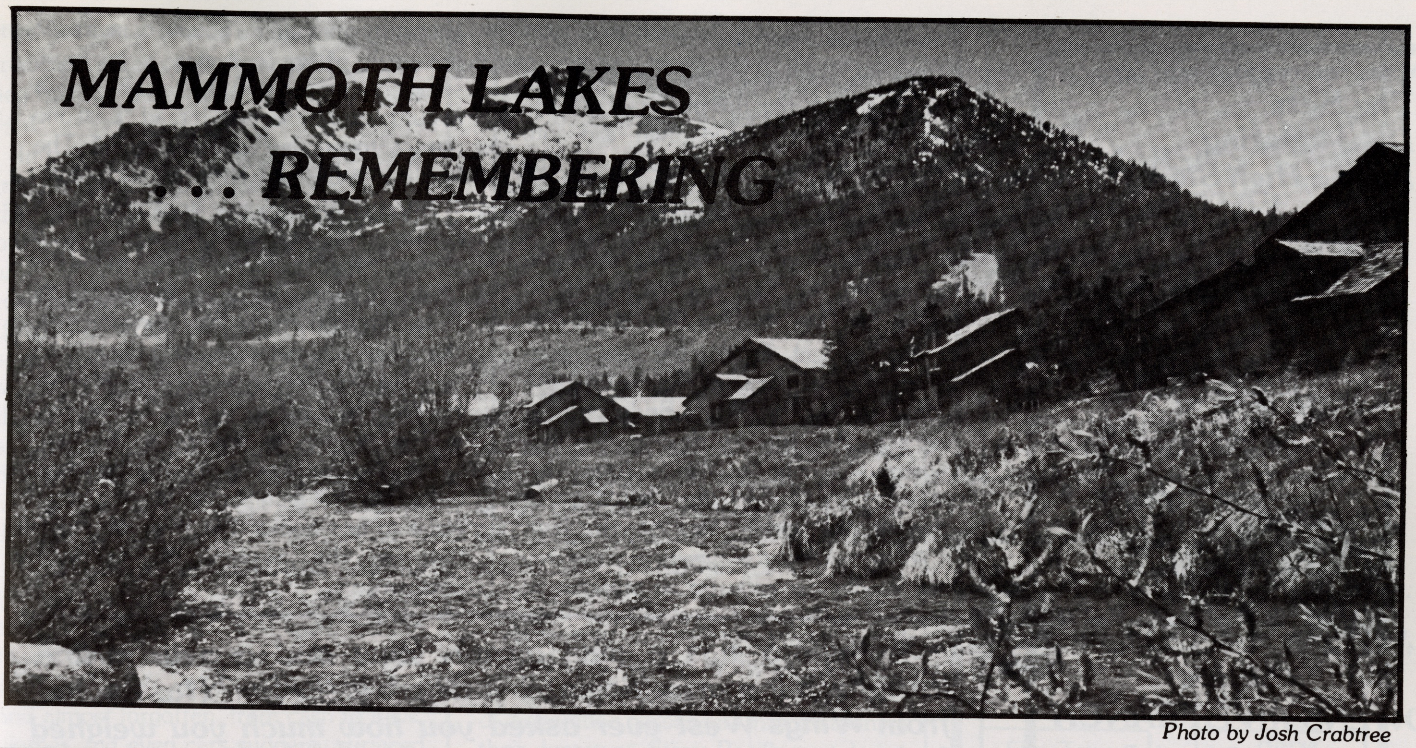

Photo by Josh Crabtree

by Syd Brown

Philosophers, in their infinite wisdom, tell us we can't ever "go home" again, once we've left. For only in our memories does time stand still.

This Labor Day I returned to Mammoth Lakes after a long absence. It had been our home for nine years.

"How it has changed," I thought as I waited for the traffic light at the edge of this budding metropolis. A wave of memories washed over me.

My husband had always wanted to live on a mountain top. When he was offered a job in Mammoth, he barely took time to pack before he was off, leaving me to tie up all the loose ends.

We moved here from Los Angeles when Mammoth really was a "village," with just a handful of permanent residents.

While I was still recovering from my initial culture shock, I reasoned that they were only there because in the winter there was too much snow to get out of town, and in the summer they were too tired from shoveling it all winter.

"There were no traffic lights then," I remembered as the light flashed green. Only two stop signs guarded the local avenues — in the spring and summer. In the winter they were either buried in snow or became traffic casualties.

There were few street signs then either. They usually met the same fate as the stop signs.

Drivers caught off guard by icy roads were ever mindful of their civic responsibilities, though. They carefully replanted the street signs they had knocked down. But they weren't always put back on the same corner or pointing the same way. Consequently, directions were based on landmarks — "turn left at the house with the pink balcony." We had to rely on second-story landmarks in the winter. Everything else was buried in snow.

When the kids and I arrived in Mammoth Lakes for the first time, a light snow was dusting the landscape with huge, flufly flakes. Veils of chimney smoke drifted lazily across the sky and a gentle breeze rustled a welcome through the pine trees that surrounded our new home. We all tumbled out of the car to see what fate had in store for us.

As the kids rushed off to make "angels" in the snow, I explored the mobilehome my husband had rented. The furnishings were brand new, the view of snow-frosted mountain peaks from our bedroom window was almost magical, and on the kitchen counter waited a gift from our new neighbor — several starts from her houseplants.

I searched for a way to plant our neighbor's gift and abruptly realized that I would have to go out and buy dirt! Our own was buried under a mountain of snow! I'd been off the farm for fifteen years and fancied myself a city slicker, but the idea of *buying* dirt still struck me as absolutely ludicrous. And that was only the beginning.

Our first year on the mountain was a constant source of wonder, laughter and revelation.

Our lives were ruled by the weather now — snow, to be exact. The mountain couldn't open for skiing until there was a good base. Many of the locals couldn't go to work until the mountain opened. And if we got too much snow, everything closed!

If it snowed during the night, we had to get up extra early to shovel the driveway and still get to work on time. If it snowed a LOT, we had to get up even earlier to shovel the roof. A heavy snowfall buried the roof-top air vent for our furnace. Without air, the pilot went out and we woke up freezing.

We all learned to adapt, with the exception of our dachsund. She never did master basic navigation in the snow. She tried bounding with her usual enthusiasm. And failed. She tried walking gingerly. And failed. She even tried a few swimming techniques. Only sinking came naturally, and poor Duchess finally refused to set foot outdoors until spring.

It was a love-me-love-my-dog society on the mountain, but practicality dictated that the dog have long legs.

Everyone in town had at least one canine companion, and wherever the human masters went, muddy paws followed. The dogs went to work with their people. When their people went shopping the dogs went too. They waited patiently, their chins resting expectantly on the tail gate of the family pick-up as little mounds of snow built up on their heads and noses. When spring burst into bloom, they even carried their own packs into the back country.

One of our canine celebrities was a sleepy looking bloodhound who accompanied his master to the laundromat every Wednesday night.

continued on next page. . .

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across from the Post Office

***Mammoth Lakes** continued*

While the laundry sloshed and his person strummed a banjo, this mountain of loose skin sat...then leaned...then slid into oblivious collapse in the aisle. In the interest of letting sleeping dogs lie, we all stepped carefully over him.

I wouldn't want you to think that the dog population just ran amok, though. There was a leash law, and even a dog catcher.

Our resident dog catcher was a soft-hearted soul. Instead of picking up loose dogs and hauling them to Bridgeport, he usually just supplied their owners with a generous length of twine (from his personal supply) so they would be in compliance with the leash law.

After the first few weeks in town, my faithful old car gave up all pretense of running, and was content to be the biggest mound of snow in any parking lot. I dug it out faithfully, hoping that one day it would surprise me and run, but alas, I was destined to be on foot for a few months.

On one of my first outings, my destination was a small gift shop at the far end of town.

When I finally trudged to the door of the gift shop, I was disheartened to find it closed. It was a Wednesday — 11 o'clock, and the sign on the door read, "Business slow — gone skiing."

I dragged myself back home, bemoaning the loss of "my" Southern California Rapid Transit System. Along the way, no less than half a dozen people stopped to offer me a ride, but being big city paranoid, I declined.

I soon found that the locals offered not only rides at the drop of a snowflake, but food, shelter or whatever else you might need.

There was a family feeling to the town and we all stuck together, for better or worse. Even when things were at their worst, there was always something to laugh about.

During the drought years, times were really tough. There was a minimum of snow, leading to a minimum of skiers which in turn led to a minimum of revenue and jobs for everyone in town. Merchants were closing shop. Many of our new found friends were forced to move back to Los Angeles.

Add to that the gas shortages and things got pretty grim after a couple of years. At the peak of our collective depression, some enterprising soul erected a huge sign at our main intersection. It read, "Last one out of town shut off the lights." The laughter it brought lifted all our spirits.

Another great morale booster was our Bookmobile. As I browsed and eavesdropped on my first visit, I found it a wealth of information — from best sellers to local gossip and politics. Besides that, the driver sold potatoes along the way — by the 100 pound sack. Place your order now and he'd deliver them in two weeks, when your books were due.

A few years ago the new high school was built, complete with library. It was a great place to find books. But it wasn't much help in the gossip and produce departments.

Mammoth has a new airport now and a new airline. Perhaps it is more efficient, but where is the fun? Has anyone from Wings West ever asked you how much you weighed before letting you board?

Speaking of produce, back in the "old days" we didn't even have a Safeway. We did part of our shopping at Buster's Market, now replaced by a clothing store. For serious shopping, we made a day of it and traveled all the way to Bishop. Or better yet, all the way to Reno for a weekend when it was time to shop for school clothes or Christmas gifts.

Since we weren't able to move our own mobilehome to Mammoth for several months, it became imperative that I find a job so we could continue to support two places.

I checked the want ads in the local paper — all six of them. I'd been a legal secretary for years, but the town only had one attorney and his caseload was minimal.

I next tried the unemployment office — not the bustling suite in Sherwin Plaza that now houses the Department of Human Resources Development. Sherwin Plaza wasn't even there, then. Then it was a *small* motorhome parked among the trees next to the Post Office. We only had one, and there was a waiting list for post office boxes.

Eventually, I found a job as Executive Secretary at Mammoth Mountain Inn — a legend in itself. In my first days on the job, I was snobbishly horrified by the way the other women dressed — levis, four layers of sweaters and God knows what else! I vowed never to be caught dead in anything so gauche as thermal underwear.

After several days of trying to navigate the icy parking lot in high heels and

continued on next page. . .

***Mammoth Lakes** continued*

freezing my buns in the process, I came to see thermal underwear in an entirely new light.

In the course of my employment at the Inn, I also came to a new appreciation of that old stand-by, the scrub bucket. My office was in the basement of the hotel, and when guests in the room directly above took an extended shower, their bath water dripped musically into my "in" basket — soon replaced by a scrub bucket. After several unsuccessful attempts to repair the problem, I rearranged my desk and put a potted plant in that corner. We carried Scarlett O'Hara's "tomorrow" one step farther and worried about such things in the spring, if at all.

Spring itself was an EVENT. As the blanket of white turned tattle-tale gray and slowly retreated, we watched in fascination for the treasures its disappearance would reveal. Items lost and almost forgotten, from cash to keys, clothes and even cars suddenly surfaced again.

As the meadows turned green, deer grazed through our backyard on their way to the high country. And in the evening, if you watched closely, you could spot an occasional coyote trotting down the road. And the chipmunks — they were everywhere. Scampering and chattering and good-naturedly sharing the forest with us mere humans.

There were bears, too. Not right in town, but on the outskirts — which at the time weren't that far out.

The night watchman's report at the Inn was frequently sprinkled with anecdotes on the bears' nocturnal activities. Apparently the trash there was of the highest calibre and by June some of Smokey's relatives were hosting moonlight conventions in the parking lot.

With the advent of our first spring on the mountain, I finally found my long-awaited real dirt, only to discover that it was as unique as the lifestyle on the mountain. Composed mostly of pumice, the stuff floated! Everytime I applied water to what I hoped would be a flower garden, the top layer of dirt merrily floated away. The kids spent endless hours that first summer trying to drown the dirt.

Not even the spring warmth could coax my old car to run, so I was delighted to find that this small mountain community had "public transportation." Mammoth Stage Lines ran a shuttle service through town and to the lifts. Payment was strictly on the honor system. An empty coffee can was circulated among the passengers who, it was hoped, dropped in the correct fare. But, if you were broke, the driver would settle for that, too.

We also had an airport — Mammoth International Airport. I'm not sure if it was humor or optimism that prompted that sign.

One Eastern vacation, my son, then twelve, flew to Los Angeles to visit a friend. Sierra Pacific Airlines operated regularly scheduled flights then. "Fashionably late" and "regularly scheduled" were synonymous.

Being well-versed in the intricacies of Los Angeles International, I was unfashionably later than usual, due to a flat tire and a short supply of fuel. As we waited, I explored the "terminal" and was slightly taken aback to see a hand-lettered sign tacked to the wall beside the door. It read, "Pilots, watch out for school just north of runway."

As take-off time came and went, we felt a growing dissension in the air. The flight was overbooked. After cajoling a number of disgruntled passengers into postponing their departure, Sierra Pacific was almost ready to let passengers aboard. Unfortunately, the flight was still woefully overweight.

A somewhat embarrassed clerk took his life in his hands as he passed among passengers making a tally of their combined personal weights.

Mammoth has a new airport now and a new airline. Perhaps it is more efficient, but where is the fun? Has anyone from Wings West ever asked how much you weighed before letting you board?

We came to love this laid-back lifestyle and the close friends that went with it. No one worried about locking doors. All our sturdy double cylinder deadbolts fell into such disuse that when we finally sold our mobilehome we could not find one single key to transfer to the new owners.

This Labor Day, as I wandered down Main Street collecting hugs from a few of the old-time locals who were out people-watching, I saw so many changes.

Four-lane boulevards with left turn lanes have replaced the narrow, pot-holed roads. Condos have grown up where wild irises used to thrive. Meridian Boulevard, once an impossible dream, seems to be completed. The old Barking Spyder, our answer to McDonald's, long ago disappeared. New stores and shopping malls are at every corner.

The philosophers are right. You can't go home. But I hope new arrivals in Mammoth Lakes today will one day look back on this mountain with the kind of fond memories Mammoth Lakes has given us.■

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Sierra Activities

All Indian Pow Wow (Pava Nawu-Ni-Way)
The first weekend in August, sponsored by the Paiute/Shosone Pow Wow and Rodeo Association. Events include ancient dances, songs and arts. Well-known Indian performers will entertain. The 3-day rodeo is sanctioned by the Western States Indian Rodeo Association.

Huck Finn River Festival
On the third Sunday in August. Inner tube decorating contest begins at 10am on the banks of the Owens River near the Pleasant Valley Campground —prizes awarded; after the "race", a community barbeque.

Softball Tournaments
At the Millpond Recreation Area throughout the year. Contact the Bishop Parks and Recreation Dept. for calendar of events.

Horseshoe Pitching
Sixteen regulation courts are now in operation at Millpond. Night-lighted courts available. Contact Robert Wagoner at 873-6286 for calendar of events.

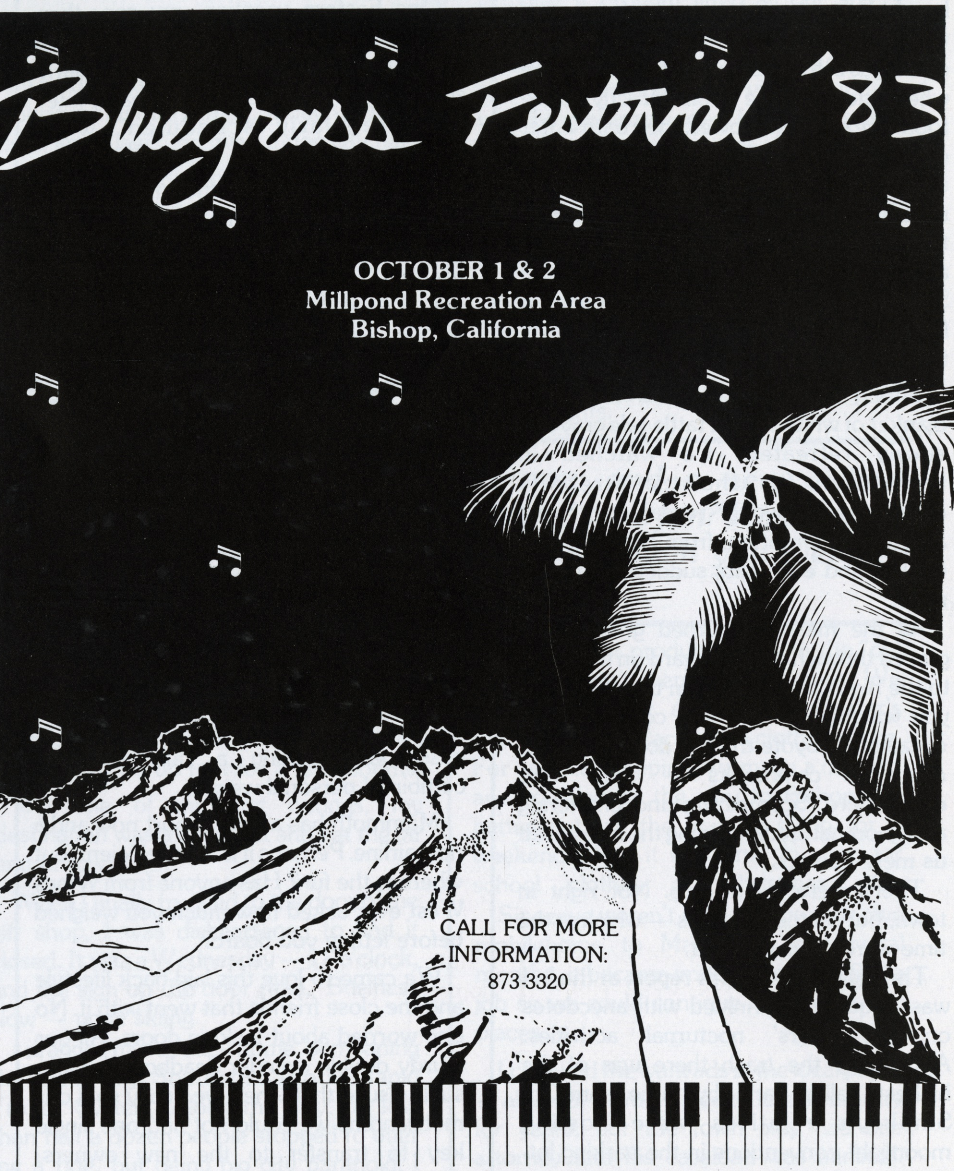
Bishop Rodeo—Homecoming Celebration
Held annually on Labor Day Weekend since 1933. Parade, 4H horse show, gymkhana, Old-Timers picnic, community barbeque, local rodeo on Monday.

Laws Railroad Museum
Train enthusiasts as well as history buffs will enjoy a visit to the historic site of the last narrow gauge public carrier west of the Rockies. See original railroad cars and preserved buildings.

Campfire Western Music Festival
September 10 at Millpond, featuring the Reinsmen.

Bristlecone Forest
In Inyo National Forest, the Bristlecones are among the oldest known living things on earth. See the 4,700-year-old Methuselah tree, and the Patriarch, largest Bristlecone Pine in the world.

Sierra Art Fair
October 7,8,9 at Circle Park, Kernville, CA. Professional judging and prizes; contact the Kern River Valley Art Association, PO Box 588, Kernville, CA 93238 for information.



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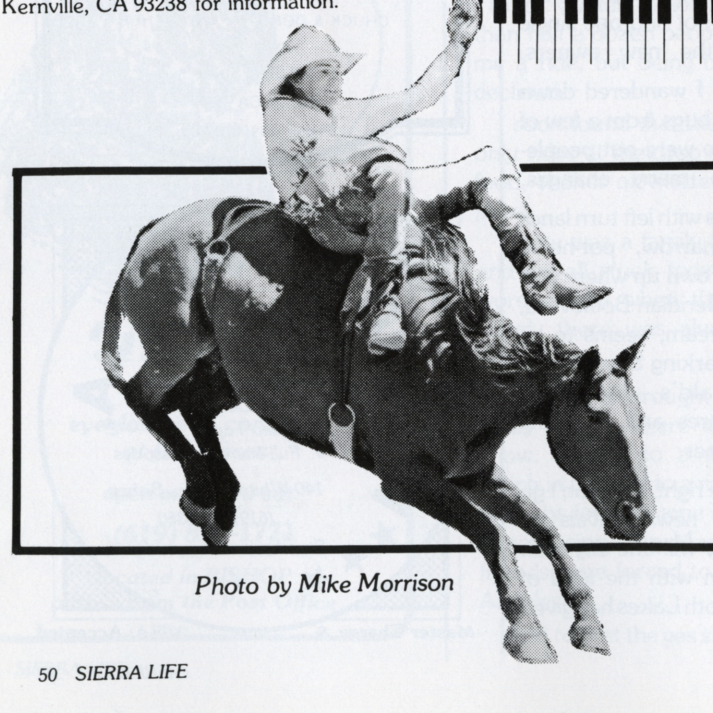

Photo by Mike Morrison

DURING THE
LABOR DAY WEEKEND
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AND
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Diary of a Country Woman

by Jane Fisher

"Why do these open swales seldom occur below the lodgepole fir-red fir zone, roughly 6,000 to 9,500 feet? The answer is found in the circumstances of their birth, which forecast their death as well, for these gemlike natural gardens are doomed to disappear from the Sierra in a process as inexorable as that of ice melt in a warm room." — Elna Bakker, An Island Called California.

We stopped today by the river. In California we like to call our mountain streams rivers if we can't jump across. There was a grand fiesta going on in the meadow. Chipmunks, packers, walkers, squirrels, campers, drive-through sightseers, cinquefoil, paintbrush and lupine, motorcyclists, bicyclists and bluejays were celebrating the retreat of snow. The meadow was green, flower splashed, splendid with racket and cut with foot paths. Smoke from group camps, rich in carcinogens, hung darkly under the trees of the pine grove. We smiled and withdrew to higher ground, enticed to a rash of junipers, atolls of cool green aloft in the clarity of a swelling sea of granite.

"Orogeny: the process of mountain building. Forces within the earth's interior account for the tectonic, magmatic, and metamorphic events; glaciers have molded the topography of much of the Northern Hemisphere. — Geology I

Crossing the meadow and the two meanders of the river — one a sheet of liquid glass poured shallowly over golden stones, the other black and icy, with islands waist deep in wild iris — we walked up the ramps and fault-block staircases of shining granodiorite in this Range of Light. We dropped our packs here at the summit, grateful for sandwiches and hot soup, this great warm glacial erratic to lean against, a carpet of fragrant juniper detritus to sit on, and the shade of the *Juniperus occidentalis* above us. The birds, like the bears down canyon, make a good thing off the passing trade. The next earthquake, volcano and/or glacier will rearrange this landscape to other specifications, yet there is a soothing smell of timelessness here beneath this mysterious tree.

"August 13, 1870. The trail to the summit is a very gentle ascent, the whole way along the margin of a stream . . . on the very summit 10,700 feet high, there is a marshy meadow, from which a stream runs each way: due west into the Tuolumne . . . the other east, down Bloody Canyon into Mono Lake." — Joseph LeConte.

In the fullness of time, this crossing became the route of human history. Beneath this very tree, a tribe of Me-Woks traded shell bead currency for Mono Paiute obsidian. Fortune hunters, homesick for Indiana or Carolina or Kansas, but determined to make the gold fields on the western slope, rested just as we do, backs to warmth of this same rock. And Joseph LeConte, coming up from Oakland in 1870 with the University of California excursion party, camped here and bedded down on the aromatic mat of decomposing juniper.

"Sierra Juniper. Juniperus occidentalis. Ht. 10-25 (even 65) feet, trunk dia. 1-5 feet, bark to 2/3" thick, shreddy, dull red; Distr. Lodgepole-fir and Subalpine belts at 7,000-10,500 ft. mainly on granite ridges." — Storer and Usinger, Sierra Nevada Natural History

With dignity and grace the juniper occupies the high rocky ledges. A strong, broad trunk of beaten gold curves over the boulder we rest against beside the trail. Rust red bark, silvered and shredded, crumbles with the clean resinous smell of fresh-sawn wood. Scaly little antlered leaves group in coral-shaped jade clusters on branches that swoop and twist closely around the protecting trunk. The wind doesn't sing its eerie songs through these tight branchlets, but carries abroad the sensuous incense of sun-drenched pine pierced with overtones of lemon oozing from every branch and berry.

"Berries rounded, to 1/3" long, blue-black with whitish bloom. . . for several Sierran birds the abundant crops of berries are welcome food in autumn and early winter." — Storer and Usinger, Sierra Nevada Natural History

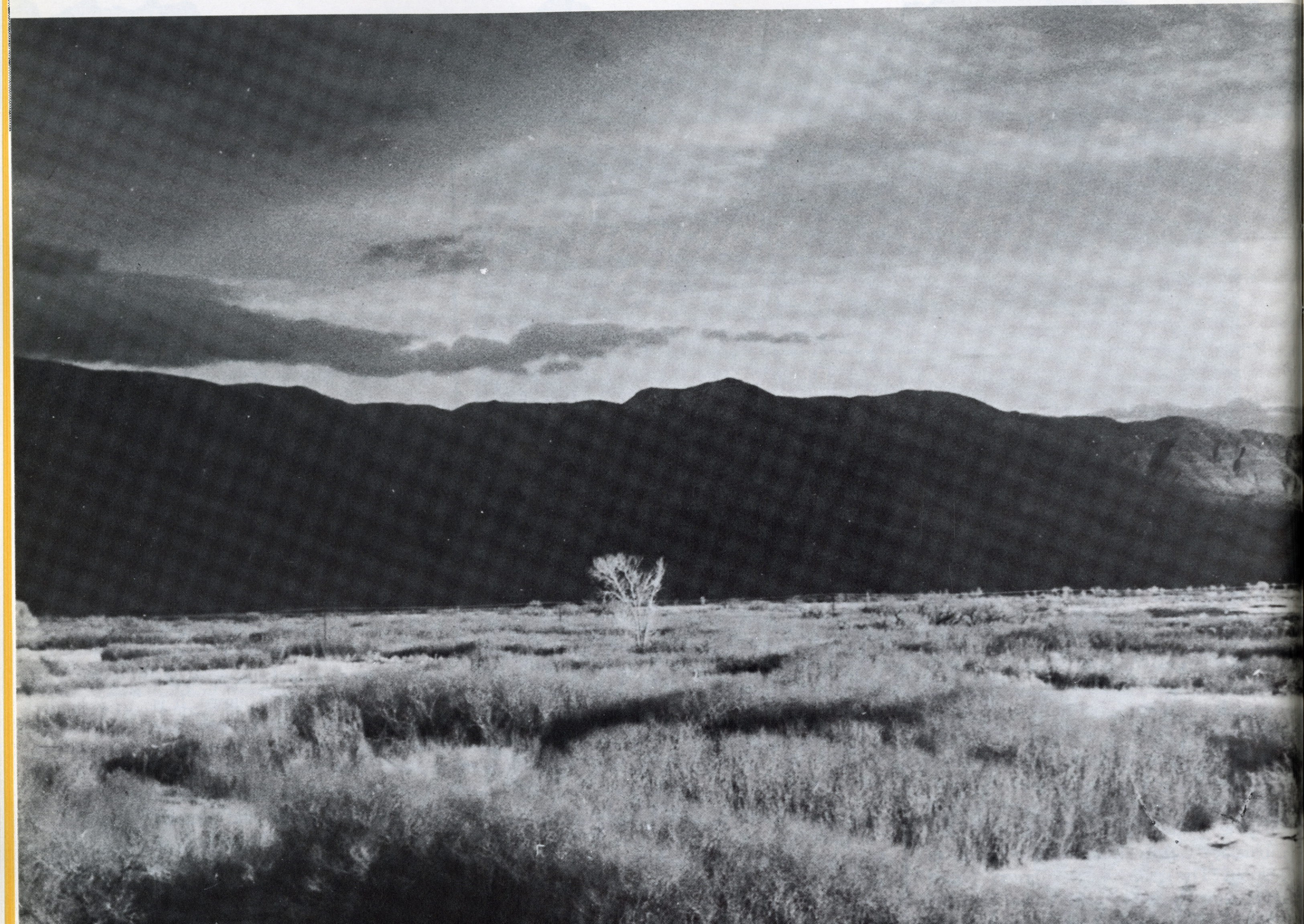
The berry is small, round and green as a pea, with softly horny little bumps. It is covered with a velvet dusting of pale blue powder and filled with rich pockets of scented pitch. In deep winter, with friends gathered around the fire, juniper berries spike a succulent venison and pinenut stew, and a few dropped on the back of the wood stove fill the air with the essence of Sierra summer and tie your changing dreams to the peace of a timeless world.

The juniper tree is me, I think
incensed and sensuous
sun-warmed pine,
some slightly implied bitter lemon
and a fruit not too usually used;
strong and twisted
and bent with the wind
shaggy of bark and golden in heart,
an island alone in a granite sea.

Yes.
When it comes to the essence of I
who am I
the juniper tree is me.

In the hour of truth
at the dawning of dawn
when dreams have revived old lives
at the core of your soul,
who is the you who is really you?
The essence of I
who am I?

MORNING SONG
from Songs of a Country Woman



Looking Southeast across Owens Valley toward the lower end of the White Mountains with the sun spotlighting Black Mountain and Black Canyon.

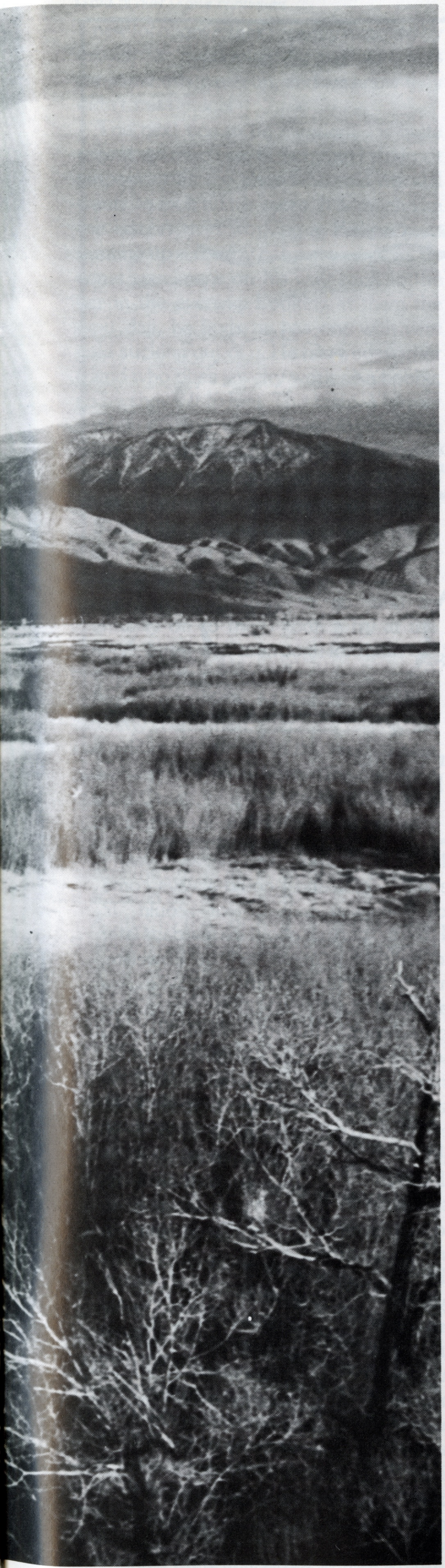


Photo by J. E. Aim Morhardt

The GOLD is not all gone

. . . *OUR RESIDENT PROSPECTOR REMINISCES*

by J.E. Aim Morhardt

This article is not about lost mines, nor even about lost prospects. It has to do, rather, with rich float picked up in the area, the source of which has never been found. Not that we do not have lost mines, the most famous of which are The Lost Cement Mine and The Lost Gunsight. Tales of these two have been recounted for the last hundred years and both are still actively sought. One might explain, for those not acquainted with them, that the former referred to the cementing material that accompanied the ore. This was probably iron oxide as it was supposed to carry the values. The latter got its name from a gunsight made from the raw ore by the first person to find it. All such accounts are largely apocryphal, at least at this date.

If one actively engages in prospecting, it is to find the occuption replete with tall tales. Some of the information I pass on is merely entertaining but I have also provided firsthand material out of my own fifty-odd years in the game and secondhand accounts wherein the intermediary was well-known to me. So this is definitely not "bar talk."

Forty years ago a number of us were building a glider in one of the garages in Bishop. It was the first in our locality, which is now one of the world centers of such activity, and was a lengthy project with plenty of time to talk while we worked. One of the group was a mill hand for what is now Union Carbide Nuclear and worked in their freight depot at Laws, where he also had a shack. He spent many of this weekends wandering over the White Mountains just outside his door and on a recent trip had picked up a pretty piece of quartz. One of his co-workers said it looked like rich ore, so he sent it in for assay. The report came back: Gold 15 oz., which would light a fire under any miner who ever lived. He told us about it, but I was the only one who really got excited, as I was already involved in mining. He invited me over to look at his samples and you may believe I was off and running at the conclusion of the evening's work.

It was all he had said it was. You couldn't miss the little eyes winking at you. Even forty years ago, you seldom saw such high-grade, except in a museum. But what to do about it was another thing entirely. You can't ask a man questions about where he got a piece of high-grade. It just isn't done. Not that he would tell you; only this time he fooled me, saying flat out that he would do his very best to give me directions. Why? Because he had looked for the place all he was going to and anyway, he was moving to Los Angeles, so if I wanted the information . . . and you know the answer to that one!

He told me he went up Silver Canyon, just back of his house, to about the 7,500 foot level, then took a right-trending draw to the south up to a flat that lies at 8,500 feet, going south then until the flat dropped off into the head of Redding Canyon, where there were a bunch of old diggings. He said the rock he had came from a small, triangular area on a steep slope or cliff, which faced west, and that he could look down Line Street in Bishop from the general area. He was a little annoyed that he couldn't find it again. I made about six trips to the location, which was a fair amount of legwork. I found lots of quartz, lots of scratchings, but no gold. The lie of the country was as he had said, but the values didn't seem to be there, although that area has a history of gold as the sediments are quite close to a pluton of quartz monzonite and there must be a dozen prospects and mines which paid off only a mile or two from the location, among them the Poleta, the X Ray, and the Grey Eagle. There really should have been some around but I didn't find it either.

Later I was to comb the area below and west of the location for a tungsten outcrop and it eluded me in the same way. I had been mining that stuff for some time and when two promising locations were made in the general vicinity, my partner and I felt sure that we could find another. I

continued on next page. . .

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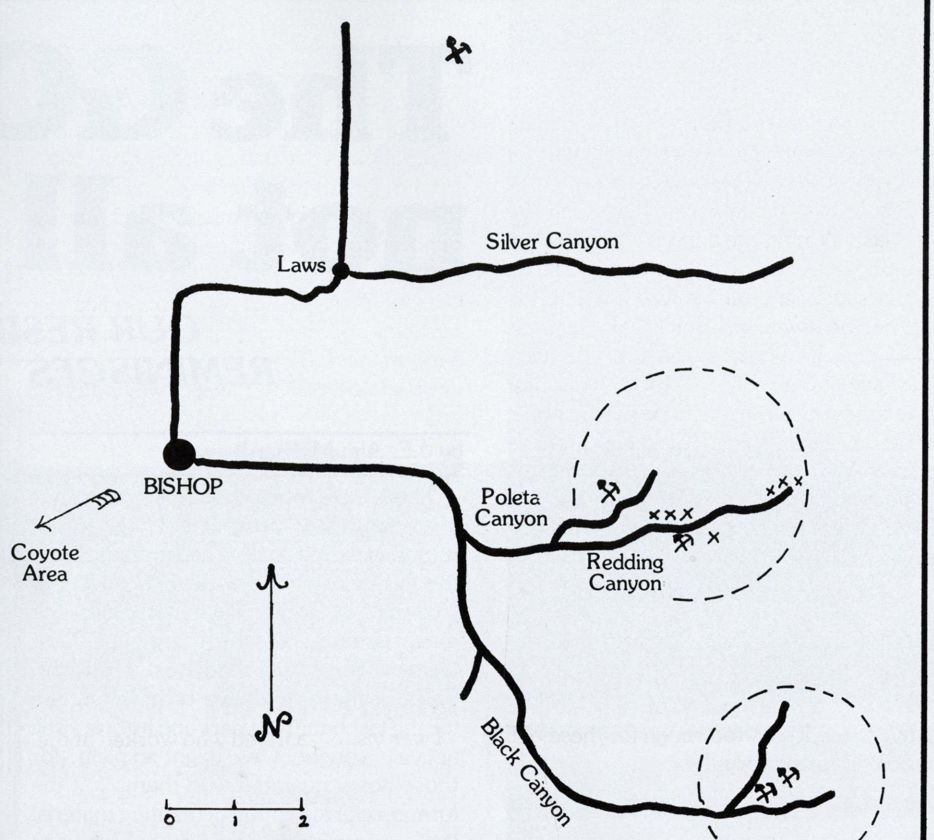

Map shows some of the areas near Bishop where ore has been found. . . and lost again.

Gold is Not Gone *continued*

remember very clearly going up the poor cat road to the more northerly of the two prospects (which was in tactite and being open-pitted), leaving my car there and going on up the ridge above it and finally over onto the northern slope of upper Redding Canyon. By lunchtime, I had found nothing, so I sat down in the bottom of a small draw to eat my lunch, using a large flat-faced boulder as a backrest. I had my quartz light with me and a black cloth, so after finishing my meal, I decided to try the material where I was sitting, although it was not tactite.

I should explain that scheelite, the ore of tungsten which occurs in our area, shines very beautifully in the dark when irradiated by a quartz light fitted with the proper filter. It was generally thought, at that time, that all this ore occurred in a mixture of garnet, epidote and quartz, called tactite. After the light had been in use a few years, other gangue materials were also found to carry commercial values. So, some of us carried a black cloth and the light to prospect in the daytime. My lunchtime location showed me something that was lighting up very nicely, only the glow was yellow, not blue as would be the case with scheelite. The boulder I was leaning against looked like pretty good ore but I didn't take a sample with me, as it wasn't the right color and I could always come back, anyway . . . or could I?

I told my partner about it a few days later and he said it might well be Powellite, which is also found in the area. Well, we really didn't want Powellite, as at that time molybdenum in our concentrates knocked down the price, so we did nothing further about it. A considerable number of years later, it was not so regarded and I went back to get a sample. Ah, you are so right! I couldn't find it. I suppose I made a half-dozen trips to no avail, so there it sits just waiting for someone to recognize it, and with tungsten at its present price, it can continue to wait.

It might be noted also, that my partner says he remembers a large dump somewhere up toward the top of that canyon, which we once sampled and found to contain values no good at that time, but possibly now. Why don't we go out immediately and check on it? A good question, but one which also has a good answer since we, for a number of years, worked the Poleta Mine nearby. A mining property, to be commercial today, must be large enough to interest a big company. None of these is. High-grade is another matter but there is no chance of finding any left in old workings. It will have to be in

continued on next page. . .

***Gold is Not Gone** continued*

a new location, either recently exposed by erosion or overlooked by the old-timers for some other reason, and we know they didn't miss much!

The next one to be mentioned is quite recent; so much so, in fact, that I shall not pinpoint it as the chap who told me still wants to look a little more. It is much like the last. A man working in Bishop goes hunting up a nearby canyon and picks up some specimens on his way back to the car in the evening. Looking at them the next day, he finds he has one with wire gold sticking out of it. He has a co-worker friend who does jewelry work as a hobby, so he shows it to him. This chap, a former student of mine, whom I have known from infancy, recognizes it as gold, gets a strand loose (it was 26 gauge in his drawplate) and tests it. . . yes, gold all right!

Same denouement. He looks for it vainly for a year and is then transferred to another district, whereupon he tells my former student where to go, and so eventually on to me. I took a try at the canyon, but it was too rough for these old bones, unfortunately.

Now, speaking of Silver Canyon, formerly mentioned, there are tales when the lads were putting in the replacement power line to Tonopah from the plants on Bishop Creek, of a rich find of silver lead while setting the poles. Nothing has ever come of it but such rumors persisted since before the turn of the century and, after all, it *is* called Silver Canyon.

A little to the north of its mouth is the Southern Belle gold mine which supported a large family for many years. Between it and Silver Canyon, rich float has been found by hunters. I tracked that one down, personally, and found where someone had taken out a rich pocket, which was right on the surface. Perhaps there is more there; who knows? It was too much of a long shot to tempt me, although I could still pan a few colors out of the tiny dump.

Another one that has happened fairly recently and quite close to home, involves scheelite in the Sierra, which is where most of it occurs. A very close friend of both my partner and myself used to run stock in what is known as 'The Coyote,' a large flattish area southwest of Bishop, at about 10,000 feet in elevation. He turned up with a fist-sized rock, which I still have. I cannot remember whether he picked it up or was given it by a friend, but in any case, was curious because it was unusually heavy. He brought it to us since we were into mining. To look at it in the field would never cause you to pick it up, as it was thoroughly undistinguished. It was a very light-colored zoisite, which is one of the tactite family and which is generally devoid of values. I knocked off a little and to my immense surprise it went about five percent scheelite, which is bonanza values. Where did it come from? *Quien savve*, no more ever turned up and the Coyote area is a big place. I remember being in on the beginning of a million-dollar property in that general area, the Schober Mine. A friend of mine had been hired by Schober to investigate a place close to the family ranch, on South Fork of Bishop Creek, where he had found an indication of values and he invited me to come have a look around. When I arrived, he had uncovered a knob of quartz which barely outcropped and was about the size of my hat. My prospecting in the area didn't turn up anything but that little outcrop produced over a million, as I recall, out of a hole about the size of a six-room house. There are probably other properties yet to be found there, as both quartz and zoisite are easily overlooked. I look at The Coyote out my back windows but it is 10,000 feet and the road is certainly no highway. . .

I was visiting a friend who worked at the power plant on Division Creek. He showed me a specimen he had picked up while fishing. Seems he had false teeth and lost his leader in the brush, so sat down to re-rig. He couldn't put split shot on with falsies, so picked up a rock and pounded the shot shut, breaking the rock in the process. The half in his hand looked interesting so he put it in his creel. Yes, right again, rich gold ore. Went back to the same spot but couldn't find the other half of the rock!

I said I'd have a look, but when I got there, I had to smile. The spot he pointed out was in the third glacial moraine and that float could have come from ten miles away at the top of the range — and probably did — where there is still gold to be found, as one of my former students demonstrated a few years ago. As a cat operator, he was putting in a mine road in the Kearsarge area, near Independence. Prospecting on his off hours, he found good float, which he tracked up to about 13,000 feet, where he uncovered a small vein. I don't know what his mining actually netted him, but he sold all he produced to a local dentist without ever putting it in a mill. It was nice "jewelry rock," as the miners called it. I can remember spending an entire summer tracing up float found in the glacial train of McGee Creek at 7,000 feet, to finally find it in place ten miles away at 11,000 feet! That was scheelite, not gold, and started the Scheelore Mine. My goodness, that was back in '40. There was gold there, too, along with the scheelite. Some pockets were very rich but we were

continued on next page. . .

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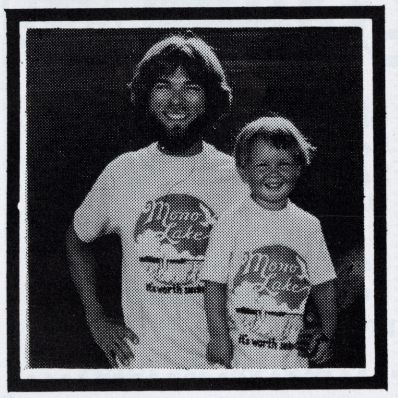

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***Gold is Not Gone** continued*

placer mining and merely picked up that which would plate readily. It is now in the Wilderness area, so don't bother. From that day to this, I, personally, have only found enough gold to crown a few teeth—but man, it has been fun looking.

A friend of mine, here in Bishop, picked up rich float at the base of Stonewall Mountain, south of Goldfield, many years ago, when she was a small girl picnicking and picking up pretty rocks. She recalls very well the area it was in . . . but that shortly became the AEC test range and is *that* ever off limits!

And so it goes. I knew a chap, who for a time was caretaker at a very large molybdenum mine at the north end of Death Valley, where the land drops almost straight down to the valley floor in a maze of narrow canyons. He was there several summers and remembers an old Indian who would appear at his road's-end shack when the snow was off the land and disappear down into the badlands for a week, always returning with a bottle of placer gold. He finally gave my friend a nugget, but no information.

"When I arrived, he had uncovered a knob of quartz which barely outcropped and was about the size of my hat. . . that little outcrop produced over a million out of a hole the size of a six room house."

Nevada Senator Wiley, of Goldpoint, had a friend or relative, I forget which, who did the same thing. Ora Mae, the Senator's wife, was a great one at taking in unfortunates and this may have been one such. Apparently, he knew also of the placer gold which had accumulated since the ice age, in that vast set of natural riffles. Of course, the old-timers had already got most of it. I know we tried, but could never track down any, although another student of mine and his father found a small remnant in the late fifties. Anyhow, since Ora Mae's boarder was getting on in years, she had her son go with the old man to the dropoff point each year. Finally, he showed the boy about where the place lay, adding wryly, "There it is lad . . . but I've just got the last of it out."

I thought I had found a little last summer, but not placer. This was in a peculiar quartz monzonite and was quite low-grade in the one piece I brought home. However, I figured that, although the sample was float, there might well be quite a lot of it, so I made another trip out for some more. Oh, you beat me to the punch again, didn't you? Well, you're right. I couldn't find another piece of it. In fact, it took me three tries just to find the place, and that after fifty years of prospecting! No, I don't think I'm very smart, either.

I just happened to remember that Black Canyon, which lies a little south of Bishop, in the Whites, has had its share of tales. They cluster around an area which lies just up-canyon from the place where Marble Canyon branches off, at which point there were at least two producing mines. Some early resident was able to keep secret a location from which he sometimes produced high-grade and which has never been found. And I shall end with another recent one. Our family doctor, being a Randsburg native, has always been interested in mines and miners. Among his patients a few years ago was an old miner-prospector who had spent much time in the White Mountains. He went to the chap's house to treat him on this particular occasion and got to talking mining with him. "Would you like to see some ore?" he has asked, and the man brought out a two-pound coffee can of raw ore, in which the gold was quite visible. "I know I'm never going to be able to go back there, Doc, 'cause it's awful rough country, but I can tell you about where it is." Which he proceeded to do. And roughly, it is somewhere back of the Cinnamon Ranch at the upper end of Hammil Valley. Perhaps somewhat south of Falls Creek, where the slope must be all of sixty degrees. Yes, they do come in the damndest places, and yes, the man is now deceased! And yes, Arch Beauregard, for many years our local assayer, used to swear there were a dozen mines in that area, 'though he never turned up any. Arch is the best prospector in the country, although age has now put the hobbles on him.

I am sure that every mining locale has its quota of tales like this. Not trumped up tales for bar talk, but the 24 carat real thing. In most cases the vein, since it was not found, was probably only a half-inch wide, or the pocket had eroded completely, leaving only a little float behind.

An old friend of mine, Judge Jim Nosser of Johannesburg, hunted twenty years for some ultrarich blue quartz an itinerant prospector had brought in to him, when he was the local assayer, but that story has been told and retold. We, too, found plenty of blue quartz when we went to

continued on next page.

***Gold is Not Gone** continued*

check out what he told me, but none of it carried any values.

I will come to the conclusion that you will probably find more by serendipity, than geology. If it looks pretty and out of place, why, pick it up. I will even look at it for you, being, as becomes a proper prospector, an eternal optimist, although I know the odds are astronomically against any of us turning up anything. At this stage of my prospecting, I have run through so many booby traps, time and again, that I can make a pretty shrewd guess with little trouble. But just to show you how little you know, even after long experience, a good friend of mine recently asked me to look at her rocks, as she was going to garage-sale them if she could. This I did, telling her, to the best of my knowledge, what I thought she had. Among her collection was a pile of ore which looked like pure metal. I remarked casually that it was undoubtedly massive specular hematite, which is absolutely worthless. She gave me a piece, as I was a bit curious, and I tested it in a preliminary fashion on returning home. . . Now, darn it, you're always ahead of me, aren't you? Yes, it was not 'spec,' as we usually term it. Among other things, it was too hard and had the wrong streak. I have no idea what it is and I'm not going to try to find out, because she doesn't know where it came from. I'll just look at it and be embarrassed.

"Arch is the best prospector in the country, although age has now put the hobbles on him."

Just take the sulfides for example. There are one hundred seventy five of them and all are ambiguous, excepting pyrite, marcasite and chalcopyrite. Ninety nine and ninety nine hundredths percent of the time, your sample is either marcasite or pyrite anyway, so why worry about it. Why not just toss it out. Well, darn it, you just might find some tellurides, it says on page ninety four, so you keep on guessing wrong and your assay money disappears. . Say, partner, when can you get away again?

If any of my readers can add to this, please do so. Perhaps I can put together another collection for your delectation, but don't send me an account of something you read about. Try, rather, as I have, to keep it as far as possible to first or second hand accounts. I'll give due credit to you if I get enough response to go on with this.

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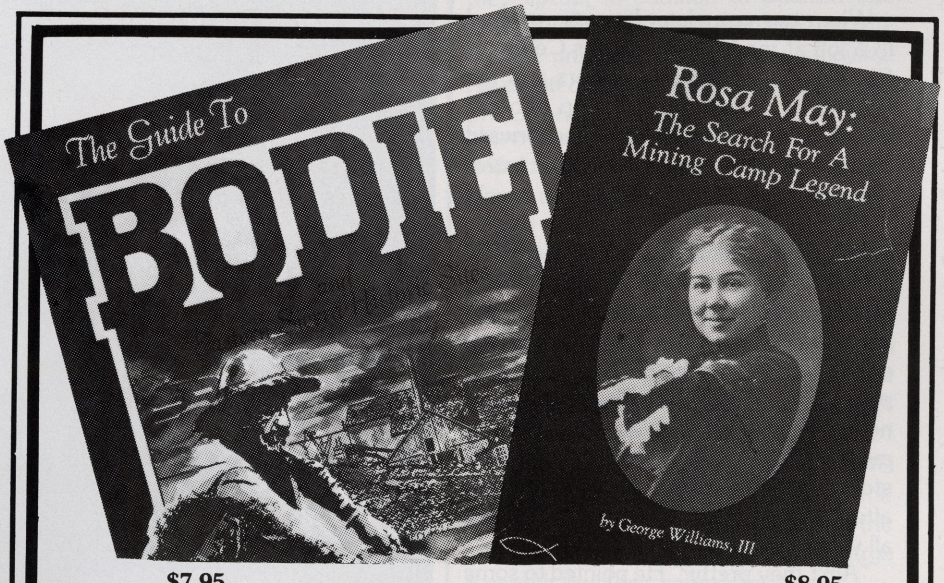

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SHEEP TRAILING
a vanishing way of life

by Katharine Connable

In April, 1942, at the intersection of the old Brown road and Highway 6, I encountered my first band of migratory sheep. Our Plymouth was flagged to a stop by the herder so the sheep could cross. I saw before me a sight that no doubt had inspired hundreds of sheepherders in the past. Yellow and lavender wild flowers were massed in the sand over the desert as far as the eye could see. On the steep slopes of the canyons were sheets of golden poppies. A white tent with a burro grazing nearby was obviously home for the shepherd. To move leisurely from one flowery expanse to another, on up the valley to the distant high meadows under the snow peaks — what an idyllic way to earn a living, I thought.

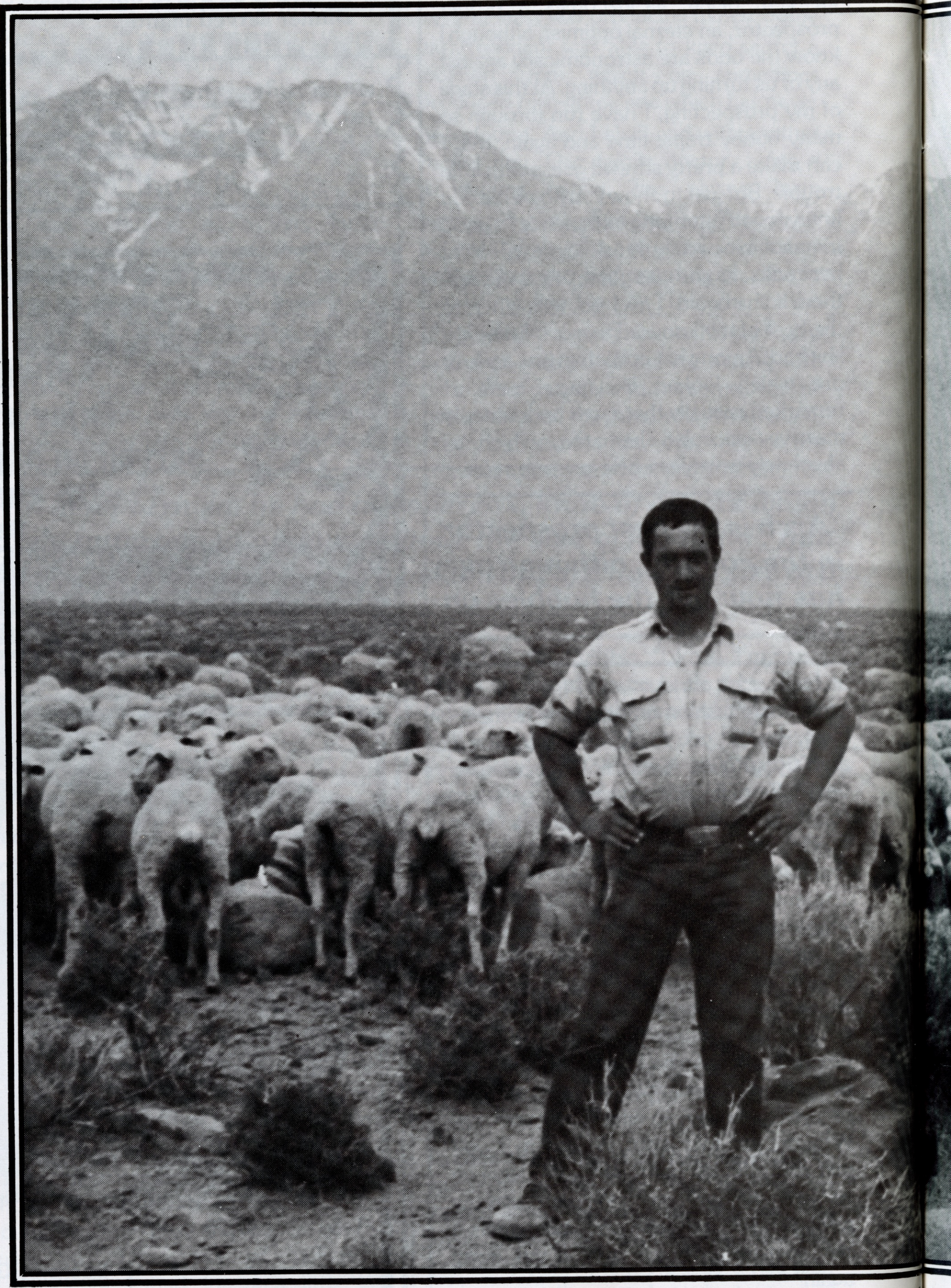
When two years later I was transferred to a job at the Naval Weapons Center at China Lake, spring wild flowers and the coming of the migratory sheep into the desert became an event as looked forward to as maple-sugaring in my native Connecticut.

"SHEEP KEEP OUT" was a sign posted on the mining claim of Tony DeMayo in the Rademacher Hills south of China Lake, where I called one April afternoon. "Them lousy sheep will eat everything they can get to," he complained. He wanted to protect the Desert Candles that throve near his shack. Boiled like asparagus, a mess of them cleaned the barnacles off his stomach, he told me, that accumulated after drinking arsenic water from his well all winter.

"Ain't they pretty?" He pointed to some orange mariposa lillies. "They'll be gone by night. You can't stop them sheep when they see good feed."

These flocks of sheep that regularly passed through Indian Wells and Owens Valleys, living off the wild flowers, fascinated me. I began to read all the material I could on the subject of migratory sheep and to interview older residents of Kern and Inyo Counties.

In the colorful industry of sheep-raising on the Mojave Desert and in Owens Valley, fortunes had been made, I read. While silver and gold and lead and borax were being hauled out of the hills and dry lake beds, bands of sheep moved up Owens Valley on their way to summer pasture. As many as 120,000 head were tallied in a season, according to a 1902 issue of the Inyo Independent.



North of stick-bridge crossing, Independence Creek. In left bac

The custom of bringing sheep from winter pasture to high mountain meadows for summering was long established in Spain and France, from where most of the sheepmen of California originally came.

When, in the late 19th century, the news of what California had to offer in vast free ranges for grazing drifted back across the ocean to the Old World, young, ambitious Basques and Frenchmen borrowed money for a steamship ticket to America.

There was indeed wealth in sheep, they found. A large percentage of Kern's most successful pioneer families got their start to financial security by purchasing a band of sheep and grazing them on the feed of the upper Mojave Desert and Indian Wells and Owens Valleys, and in the High Sierra, Ausoldebeherre, Etcheverry, Loustalot, Noriega, Minniberri and Saldebeherre are well-known family names in Bakersfield.

Beginning at Mojave, the sheep-walk extended over one hundred miles northward along the valley floor to end in the high country north of Bishop. The flocks had a pattern of returning to the lowlands in the fall by looping across what are now Kings Canyon and Yosemite National Parks or by retracing their route southward down Owens Valley to the desert, profiting by the summer rains, if there had been any.

The General Land Office at one time marked a stock driveway for sheep trailing in the Owens Valley. The herder was expected to keep his sheep within the confines of the driveway. The boundaries were indicated by metal signs bolted into iron posts. Some of these original markers are still standing.

Later, when the General Land Office and Grazing Service merged to become the Bureau of Land Management, new markers were set up to define the boundaries of the Stock Driveway. The most recent are bright yellow. They read "STOCK DRIVEWAY. SIGN FACES DRIVE." On some signs, herders who have passed through have pencilled their names for the benefit of their friends who were following: J.B. Saraberry, Francine Ugalide, Jose Lopeteguy April 29, 1909; Louis Martinez Mayo 1946; 26 Mayo Faustino Martina 1950; Jose Minneberre 5,10,62. In the high mountains farther north, amorous doodlings as well as names and dates have been carved by these itinerant herders on the bark of aspen trees where camp was made for days or weeks.

The BLM Stock Driveway starts at Cinco, north of Mojave. Here the sheep from Lancaster and Mojave congregate in February. The Driveway, for the most part, follows the highway, on the west side. It is marked as far as Big Pine.

ac ound is the *recently-named peak, Mt. Mary Austin.*

Photo by Kathryn Connable

In Lone Pine, Independence and Big Pine, where the towns until recently used the open streams for drinking purposes, the BLM constructed sheep bridges so that the flocks could cross the creeks without polluting the water. The bridge over Independence Creek can be seen from the road a mile west of town, although it is now partially concealed by willows.

Every sheep owner is required to have a permit to graze on BLM lands. He must progress up the Stock Driveway at least five miles a day. When he reaches the end of his trailing, he is on Forest Service land which is leased to him on an allotment basis.

In charge of each band of 800 to 1,000 sheep are the young foreign herders, flown over to the United States by an arrangement with the State Department, with visas of three-year duration. In many cases, they are relatives of American sheepmen. These young men are well acquainted with the ways of sheep, as that knowledge is part of their heritage.

Basques have a complicated language they speak, in addition to Spanish and French. Alfred Giraud showed me the Basque grammar book he was studying. He pointed out the words *arno*, wind; *ogi*, bread; *ardi*, sheep; *zakur*, dog. *"Ematze charmagarri* means beautiful woman," he said. He gave me a copy of the newspaper *Herria* a Basque had given him. It had the latest news of their homeland in it.

Although the freedom of the open ranges that lured sheepmen to this country one hundred years ago has been affected by homesteads and patented lands, and freeways have chopped up the California Sheepwalk, some advantages are to be noted. Sheep can now be trucked quickly over good roads to good feeding grounds, in years of scant rainfall on the desert. March, April, May, June and the fall months are busy times for the large livestock trucking companies.

But vanishing with trailing is the knowledge of the land and of nature the early herders had. "I'd set my staff straight up in the sand and tell by how the shadow fell what time of day it was." At night, he reckoned time by the position of the constellation Hen and Chickens in the sky.

The sheepmen who trudged with their flocks up the valley and over the mountains usually loved their calling. It was a way of life that gave them a tie-in with Mother Nature and her blessings.■

INYO MARBLE

Sorry, Thomas Wolfe—You Can Come Home Again

by Marie Taylor

Arland D. Dunn will soon realize a lifelong dream and continue a three-generation tradition of doing business in Inyo County. In an extraordinarily-innovative move, he will relocate major portions of his companies — administrative offices, manufacturing operations, and selected employees — to a ghost town seven miles east of Lone Pine, California.

Dunn is president and co-owner, with his wife Carolyn, of Traditional Industries and Crown Albums-Smith Pacific Inc. Traditional Industries has two divisions, Traditional Marketing and Traditional Album Plans, engaged in the sale of photographic album plans, albums, cameras, cookware, cutlery, china, sewing machines and other products. Crown Albums-Smith Pacific manufactures leather products and vinyl heat-seal items.

The ghost town of Dolomite stands at the site of what will become a remarkable "industrial park community" of approximately 235 acres. The industrial sector will be larger than required for Dunn's companies, and it is expected that additional non-polluting light industrial companies will be vying for that extra space. The proposed residential-commercial area will include 85 custom single-family homes, 414 low-to-moderate cost component housing units, an 85-space mobile home park, a 132-space recreational vehicle complex, and a resort hotel and spa.

Any ghosts remaining from the boom years of the late nineteenth century will feel right at home on Dolomite's "Main Street." Restoration and preservation of existing buildings will highlight this commercial and retail thoroughfare. Old photographs of the area were painstakingly studied and incorporated into the project's architectural plans to include the original old saloon and general store. Dolomite has been the setting for such movies as "Nevada Smith," "How the West Was Won," and "Oil for the Lamps of China."

Residents and visitors will stroll along reconstructed old west boardwalks under traditional mining-town overhangs. To preserve the true western atmosphere, an alley behind Main Street will provide

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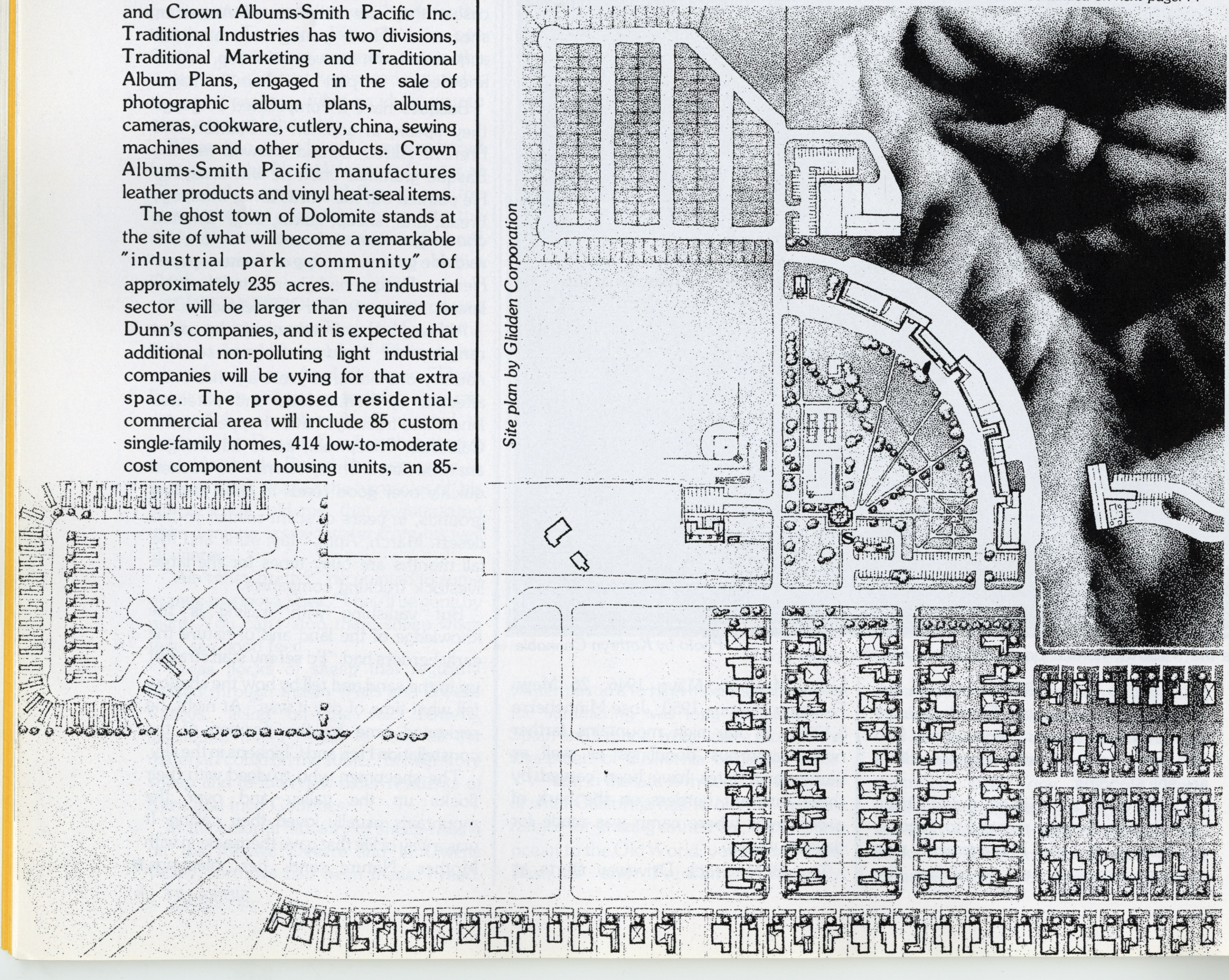


Site plan by Glidden Corporation

modern-day delivery access to the stores and souvenir shops, and a service road for the fire department and post office.

Incorporated into this setting will be a central public park with tennis courts, swimming pool with locker rooms, barbeque pits, and other recreational facilities. An equestrian center and stables will be located in the midst of a network of trails leading through the town and out to the open countryside where the young Arland Dunn hiked and explored.

When completed, this industrial complex will harmonize and compliment the natural beauty of the desert. Visitors may feel an urge to look down the road for the stagecoach or the Pony Express rider. But Dunn's companies, and others to come, will enjoy the most modern transportation and communications systems available. The same sun that beat down relentlessly on Dolomite's former residents will be harnessed into cost-efficient solar energy systems.

Glidden Engineering and Architectural Corporation of Bishop has been engaged to develop the contemporary requirements of the community: engineering, planning, geologist reports, mapping and water analysis. Preservation of the delicate ecological balance in this area calls for an Environmental Impact Report, and permits are necessary to procure water from a location currently controlled by the Bureau of Land Management. All sewage produced from the development will be processed by a subterranean collection network, and directed to a sewage treatment facility and aeration ponds, wholly contained on the project site. Making a dream come true in the 1980's is a lot more complicated than it was in the last century.

In 1885, the late D. Haven Dunn, Arland's grandfather, founded marble quarries in the area, and incorporated Inyo Marble Company in 1913. Inyo marble was recognized as the finest quality when it was chosen for Sharon Gate in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, the Mills Building in San Francisco, and the Stockton Public Library. The floor of the Los Angeles International Airport has one million square feet of Inyo marble.

Arland's father, the late Drew H. Dunn, Jr., was overseer of the Inyo Marble properties for many years. The marble mining activity is currently producing an average of 1500 tons of material per month. This operation will be continued, moved onto a southerly uninhabited portion of the 1200-acre property within a year from the onset of the park's construction.

The project is planned in eight phases. Targeted for completion in the first 12 months are phases I and II, which include the Crown Albums manufacturing plant and warehouse facilities, Traditional Industries' executive offices, restoration of historical buildings, most of the recreational facilities, including a resort hotel, the wastewater treatment plant, approximately 75% of the RV spaces, 45% of the mobile home park, 17% of the component housing units, and 5% of the custom single-family homes. Phase III will see more housing and commercial-retail development. Phases IV through VIII will expand resident and tourist facilities as indicated by demand.

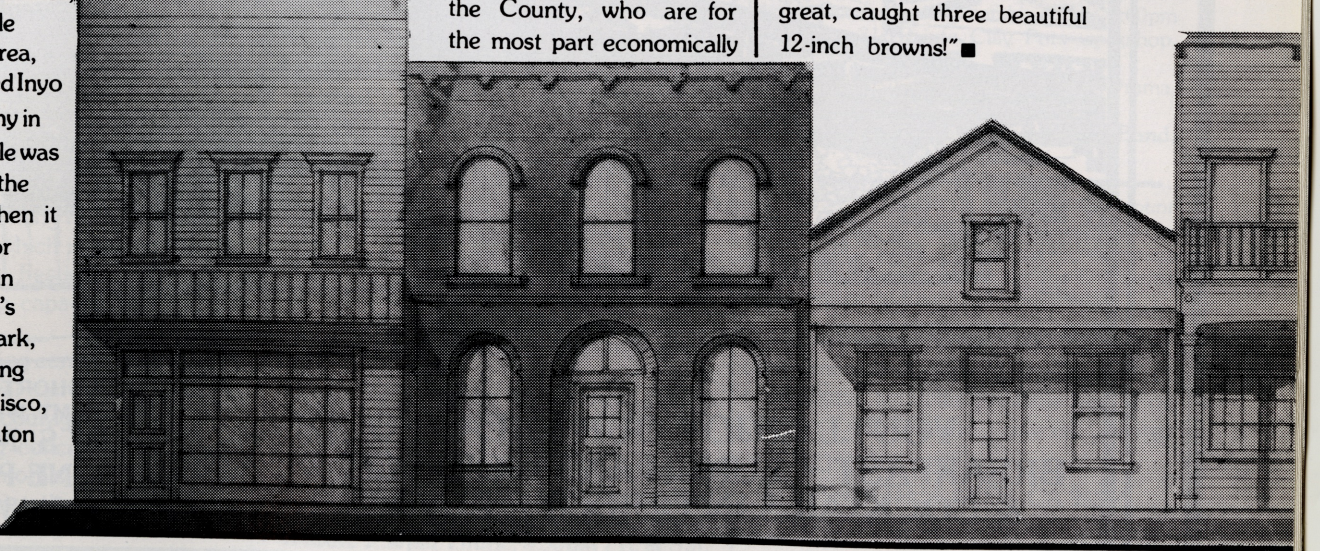
Inyo County is a unique place. With almost 6.5 million acres, it is the second largest county in area in California. A common although inaccurate description, "from Mt. Whitney to Death Valley," explains much of the land use — protected environmental open space and unspoiled recreational areas. Only three percent of the land is privately owned. The U.S. Bureau of Land Management, the U.S. Department of Forestry, and the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power are the three largest property owners in the County.

The 19,000 residents of the County, who are for the most part economically dependent on tourism, enjoy their small town rural environment. They have a friendly pride in their community and in the land around them. Edna Dunn Edman of Lone Pine, and Mabel Bottorff Woodcox of Bishop, are particularly proud. They are the mothers, respectively, of Arland and Carolyn Dunn.

The proposed industrial park community will provide new jobs, increased County property tax revenues, and increased expenditures within the County for a variety of goods and services, from office and building materials and trucking, to food and clothing: making a good place even better!

Dunn's companies can be relocated because of their sales program and mail order natures. Traditional Marketing has independent contractors operating throughout the United States, as well as permanent sales locations in California, Oregon, Texas, Iowa, Ohio, Minnesota, Michigan, North and South Carolina, Maryland and Connecticut. Traditional Album Plans offers packages of planned professional photography, along with services for amateur photographers, in conjunction with Scherling Labs in Fargo, North Dakota. This company has been in business for over 60 years. Smith Pacific was incorporated in 1937, Crown Albums in 1946, and Dunn has recently merged the two.

Soon, Arland Dunn will return to the land of his youth, and pursue a dream shared by many who plan for Inyo County's future. He will no doubt enjoy hearing from his friends and associates back in Westlake Village. When they call him at 8 p.m. to compare notes on a rough day at work, they will be speaking from different worlds: "Geez, the freeway traffic tonight was terrible, I just got home." —— "I just got home too, the fishing was great, caught three beautiful 12-inch browns!" ■



bottle show was coming up and getting to be more popular every year. I suggested we might add some competitive events like the miners staged in the old days and commemorate the celebration to Jim Butler, founder of the camp. This conversation led to the well-known Jim Butler Days on Memorial weekend.

Although his duties as convention director include frequent travel to conventions and seminars on tourism, Perchetti manages to spend several hours a week in his tiny beehive office. The adjoining cubicle belongs to clerk-typist Joanne Arnston and the assistant director, Louise Terrell, who handle an impressive volume of correspondence and telephone calls. About her employer, Mrs. Terrell says, "Bob is a success because he can keep dozens of projects going smoothly, work 16 hours a day and never slow down. Right now he's thinking about organizing another special event on the order of Jim Butler Days but with a different theme and for a different time of the year. He's also working out the details for a mine-ranch tour that would take visitors by bus from the convention center to see a working silver mine and a working cattle ranch."

At home, Perchetti maintains an ongoing flea market in his yard, from which he buys, sells and trades almost anything. In the living room, which is almost completely dominated by 30 stuffed specimens of horned beasts, large cats and birds, he talks about his hobby.

"My father taught me and my brother that being a good outdoorsman ranks in importance with cleanliness and reverence. We are teaching our children that drug and alcohol 'highs' can't compare with the thrills of hunting and fishing and the challenge of good sportsmanship."

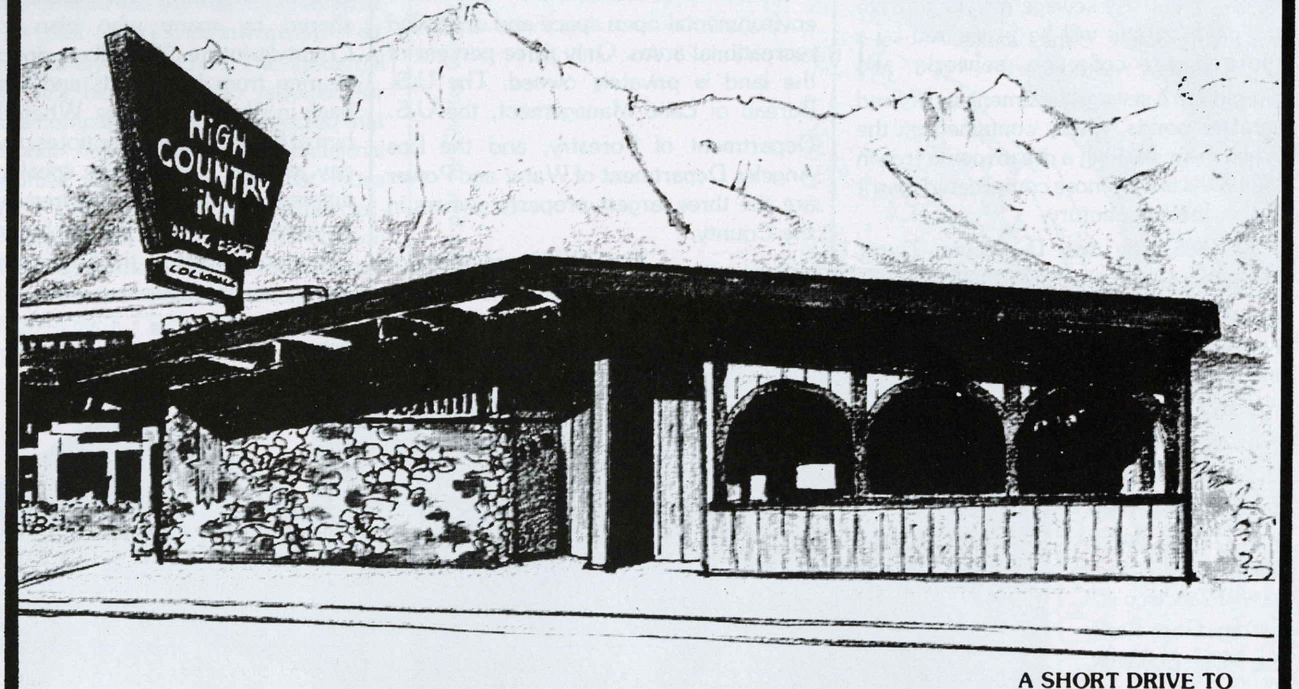
> ***"The life here is not always easy, but it's a place where we can feel hopeful about making life better for our family, and it's a place where every individual is significant."***

This fall, Perchetti plans a hunting trip to Montana for a Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep. If successful, he will have completed the hunters' coveted grand slam, consisting of all the game sheep in North America. Between hunting trips he is planning to build a larger home in Tonopah's Belmont Estates, "with a separate room for Bob's trophies," says his wife, Suzanne.

"Convincing other people that Tonopah is a great place to live and to visit comes easy to me because there's no other place on earth I would rather live myself," says Perchetti. "We're a close family and our roots are very deep here. My father's parents, the Perchettis, came to Tonopah from Italy in 1930. My mother's parents, the Boscoviches, came from Yugoslavia in 1915. My mother, Minnie, lives next door to the house where she was born.

"Both of my grandfathers died before I really knew them but I was very close to my grandmothers. These were hard-working old-country ladies who gave the best of what they had to anyone who came to the door. Despite poverty and language difficulties they were important members of the community and the sense of values and traditions they taught their children are still respected.

"My immigrant grandparents came to Central Nevada to find work but they stayed for the same reasons I plan to stay. The life here is not always easy, but it's a place where we can feel hopeful about making life better for our family. And it's a place where every individual is significant."■



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SIERRA SUMMER FESTIVAL

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Mammoth Lakes. In the day, majestic mountains with thin-air peaks that lend their snow to streams roaring into the tranquility of crystal lakes serve as a grand backdrop for hiking, fishing, sailing, swimming, a game of tennis, and even tanning. In the evening, one can lie back on a grassy slope beneath the starlight, nestled among the pine trees, and listen as the bands play in a Sierra Summer Festival Concert.

The Sierra Summer Festival has been an annual Mammoth Lakes event since 1978. This year the Festival presents Country Western/Bluegrass Night, August 4-6; A Celebration of the 1950's and 60's, August 11-13; The American Folk Tradition, August 18-20; and a 20th Anniversary Salute to the Beatles, August 25-27. Tickets for all concerts will be $6 at the gate, $5 in advance. Sunday afternoons will feature classical repertoire and fine drama.

In addition to concerts, the Festival offers an exciting selection of symposiums throughout the month of August. Instruction workshops comprise dance, poetry, musical instruction, drama, photography, painting, pine needle basketry, natural dyes, and Paiute Indian clay pots. For children, free entertainment, special arts, and activities are available as part of the Day of the Child, to be held Sunday, August 14.

Located at Warming Hut Number 2, on the beginner hill which is more protected from wind, the Festival will have a maximum seating capacity of 2,500 per show.

Thursday evening concerts will begin at 7:30, for an ideal family night. Picnic dinners are encouraged. Friday and Saturday evening concerts will begin at 8:30, with Mammoth's fine restaurants offering pre-concert dining for a special evening.

Mammoth Lakes, California, is a year-round vacation resort with waterskiing, swimming, fishing, hiking, tennis, tanning and Jacuzzis. A fine schedule of special events compliments the wide range of available recreation.

The Fourth of July weekend features a Gold Rush Days parade, an art show, breakfasts and barbeques. On Independence Night, a spectacular fireworks display explodes over the waters of Mono Lake.

The Mammoth Open Tennis Tournament is on July 14-17, while the Fire Department will sponsor Canoe Races on July 23. August boasts the Sierra Summer Festival, an assortment of concerts, workshops, and dramatic presentations scheduled for Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and Sunday afternoons. On August 7, catch the Valentine Reserve Tour, and on August 13, the Lions Club 10K run.

A Labor Day Arts and Crafts Show is also scheduled, as well as the Third Annual Mammoth Lakes Concours d'Elegance car show.

A complete listing of summer events is enclosed.

CALENDAR

AUG 2,4 & 5: Appreciation of Symphonic Music Workshop, 9:30—11:30.

AUG. 4—6: A Country Western/Bluegrass Bash with Billy Armstrong, C.W. "Fiddler of the Year" and Lee Dresser, Country Vocalist. 7:30pm Thurs., 8:30pm Fri. & Sat.

AUG. 6,8 & 9: Pineneedle Basketry, 9:00—Noon.

AUG. 7: Concert. The Eastern Sierra Symphonette, Bogidar Avramov conducting. 2:00pm.

AUG. 11—13: Celebrate the Great Sounds of the '50s and '60s. The Drifters, The Shamrocks, The Voice of Elvis, & Al Wilson. 7:30pm Thurs., 8:30pm Fri. & Sat.

AUG. 13: Poetry Workshop, Twin Lakes Art Gallery, 10am—4pm.

AUG. 14: Day of the Child, 9am—1:30pm free for ages 4—14. DRAMA: Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, Long Beach Repertory Theater, 2pm and 8pm.

AUG. 15: Shakespeare Workshop for Children, 10am, 2pm.

AUG. 18—20: An Evening of Folk and Song, featuring The Limeliters and Fats Johnson. 7:30pm Thurs., 8:30pm Fri. & Sat.

AUG. 19: Songwriters Workshop, 1:00pm.

AUG. 20: Premiere reading of Don Meyer's new play *The Lone Woman*, Noon. Bring your own lunch.

AUG. 21: Concert: "Aire" Flamenco dance and guitar by the Di Palmas, 2:00pm.

AUG. 22—23: Natural Dyes Workshop, 9-5.

AUG. 22: Flamenco dance and guitar demonstration and lecture, 1:30pm.

AUG. 24: Photography Workshop, 9—5.

AUG. 25—26: Watercolor Workshop, 9—4.

AUG. 25—27: 20th Anniversary Salute to the Beatles starring "Rain," the cast of BeatleMania, and Kirby St. Romaine. 7:30pm Thurs., 8:30pm Fri. & Sat.

AUG. 28: Concert, Duo Pianists — Nadya and Steven Gordon from Columbia Artists, 2:00pm

AUG. 29—31: Paiute Clay Pots workshop, 1:30pm.

SEPT. 2—4: "Ishi" — Historical Musical Drama, 8pm Thurs., 2pm Fri. & Sat.

SEPT. 3—4: Trinidad Exotic Steel Band, 8:00pm.

Six day classes by Loyola Marymount University offered daily Aug. 8—13 for credit or enrichment. Voice workshop by Emmett Jacobs, MA, Musicianship for the Orchestra Performance by Bogidar Avramov.

The Sierra Summer Festival compliments an already rich choice of recreational activities available here. For further information, please write:

P.O. BOX 7710
MAMMOTH LAKES, CA 93546
(619) 934-2383

PACKING IN

ENJOY THE SPLENDOR OF A HIGH SIERRA PACK TRIP

by Hank Levine

Several years ago I was fortunate enough to help Art Scober bring a pack train of provisions into Humpries Basin. I arrived at the pack station in time to see Art finish loading five mules with food and supplies. It wasn't long before the horses were saddled, the mules packed and we were on our way. We left in the crisp autumn air, Art leading five mules and me, thrilled to death, to be able to lead three riderless horses. All went well until we arrived on top of Paiute Pass.

As we neared the Pass, a young member of the trail crew saw us coming and turned off his drill. Once on top of the Pass, we had a chance to chat with him before starting down into Humphries Basin. Actually, we didn't get more than two feet down the trail before he turned his drill back on. My horse jumped straight into the air, and I knew that I was about to be thrown onto a granite slab and then trampled by four crazed horses. It was only a split second before I realized that I was still in the saddle and that my string was standing calmly. Art didn't fare as well. My shaking body watched as Art tried to control his half-crazed mules, which were rapidly becoming a tangled mess of ropes and legs. All the while I could see a big grin plastered on his face. I felt lucky to have escaped death, while Art, then 75 years old, was having the time of his life.

Art made his first trip over Paiute Pass with his dad back in 1921. They followed animal trails over the Pass, eventually ending up in Humphries Basin. Art's eyes sparkle when he remembers the one-legged cowboy they met living in the high mountain meadows.

Art also recalls that back in those days, packers were a dime a dozen. It was only natural, since horses, wagons and stagecoaches were the standard form of transportation for people commuting between Bishop and Bishop Creek. Some of the packers, such as the Holidays, were legitimate; others, such as Bill Cruz, were bootleg packers.

The Schober family bought Andrews Camp, a 145-acre alfalfa farm, located near what is now Four Jeffries Campground, in 1918. Although the family wasn't in the packing business, they did have more stock than any of the Bishop Creek packers.

Tobe Way was running the pack station on the Middle and North Forks of Bishop Creek throughout the 1920's. In the summer of 1930, Tobe and a companion arrived back at his Aspendell pack station from a back country trip. While unpacking the stock, Tobe and his friend got to horse-playing. The play got rougher and rougher, with Tobe finally throwing his friend's hat into the creek. Jokingly, Tobe's friend pulled a sidearm out of his bedroll and pointed it at Tobe. The gun accidentally fired and Tobe Way was killed. R.J. Schober, Art's father, bought Tobe's pack station in 1931.

When the Schobers first bought the pack station, backcountry trails were limited in number, and the trails that did exist were usually in bad shape. The trail on which Art and R.J. first rode over Paiute Pass in 1921 has changed very little. Interestingly enough, there was a trail reaching Upper Lamark Lake. The trails on the South Fork of Bishop Creek were also few in number, poorly built and dangerous. Bill Cruz's stock always seemed to be crippled.

Things began to change in 1934, when Inyo County built a trail to Blue Lake. Two years later the U.S. Forest Service began a long campaign to improve the existing trails in the Bishop Creek area. The Schobers were building trails also. On slack days, Art, often accompanied by his brother John or hired hands, would spend the day extending the trail system beyond Blue Lake. In 1939, they built a trail above Lamark Lakes to Lamark Col, a high, quick route into Darwin Canyon and the Evolution area. They had reached the top of the pass and started down the other side when a complaint was received at the Park Service headquarters. The complaintant was upset, because Lamark Col was going to provide too easy an access into the Evolution area. In response, the Park Service asked the Schobers to stop work on the trail. Today, many backpackers wonder at the pass with a trail on only one side. Art once made a comment to me, that seemed to sum up the improvement in the backcountry trails: "Things aren't as rugged as they used to be. Not only did mules get killed, but people too."

Up until 1934, Schober pack station ran out of the old Tobe Way corrals in Aspendell. In 1934 the Forest Service granted a permit which let the Schobers move to their present location at North Lake.

The high country lakes which ring the Sierra Crest are naturally barren, as far as fish are concerned. With increasing backcountry pressure, the California Department of Fish and Game began to stock these high country lakes. Originally, the Department of Fish and Game supplied the fish, while the packers supplied the mules for the stocking program. Two thousand fingerlings were loaded into 10-gallon burlap-covered cans for transport to the high lakes. These cans were never filled to capacity, because it was essential for the fishes' survival to have the water in the cans shaking, thus aerating them. Eventually, the Department of Fish and Game decided that stocking with the use of planes was cheaper and more efficient than with mules. By the early 1950's, airplanes had totally replaced the packers and mules.

Art retired from active packing in 1977, turning the business over to his son, Walt. Now in its third generation, Schober Pack Station is the oldest family-owned and operated pack station in the entire Sierra Nevada.

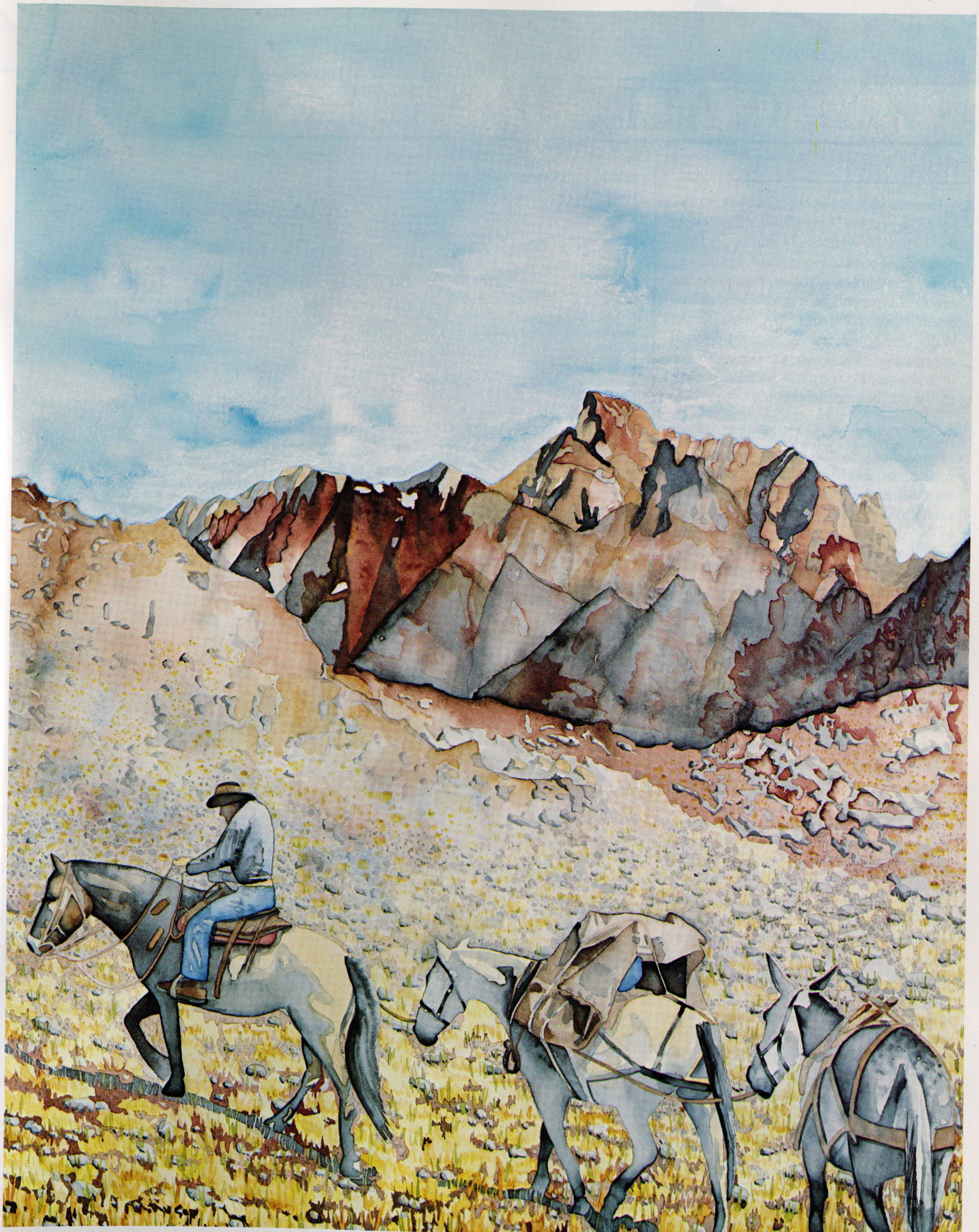
Things have changed a lot since the days of Tobe Way, R.J. Schober and Bill Cruz. The trails have been vastly improved, so much so that the hordes of backpackers now using them makes it hard for the packers to break in young stock. The days of the Schobers are still here and here also are the days of the Berrys.

The Berrys run Rainbow Pack Station, once owned and operated by the Holiday family. Rainbow pack outfit works the South Fork of Bishop Creek taking trips to such fabulous places as Bishop Pass, Dusty Basin, Green, Tyee and Treasure Lakes. Although Rainbow Pack Station offers spot trips (where they drop you and your dunnage into the back country), their specialty is the all-expense trip.

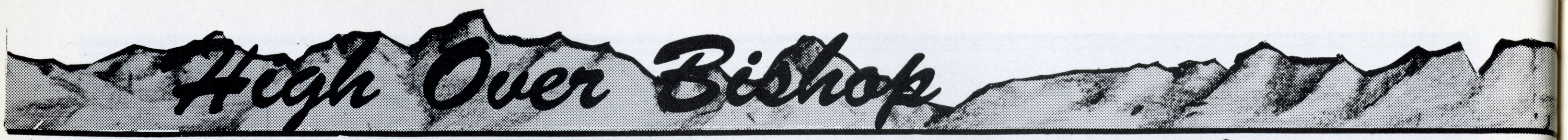
These all-expense trips are designed for the person who wants to be pampered and served. The packers will carry everything you need into the backcountry, gather your firewood, set up your camp, cook your meals and do your dishes. All that's left for you to do is to hike, fish and relax. Mark Berry has his all-expense trips "down to a science."

Perhaps the best part of an all-expense trip is the fine cooking of "Big Pine Willy."

continued on page 67



SCHOBER PACK TRAIN APPROACHES THE WEST SIDE OF MT. HUMPHRIES. PAINTING BY JANICE KABALA



High Over Bishop

Why ALPINE-NED-ISM?

by Steve Kabala

Peakbagging along the crest will always be a part of the history of exploration of the Sierra Nevada backcountry. A local network of roads, paved and 4-wheel, and trails, crowded or obscure, has made the eastern approach to the divide a casual affair since comparatively early times. With traditional routes and established approaches, the climber may leave all gear at home and concentrate on getting back to the car before nightfall.

This can be very effective training, as many of the summits have quite lengthy approaches. As the season progresses, more audacious objectives are established, as the contemporary climber seeks to discover what is actually possible in a day. In a sense, this form of conditioning is like pumping laps on a bouldering circuit, and is developed in a similar, upscaled fashion. The key is to be systematic.

The first thing is to travel light. One of the best things about day-hiking is not having to deal with sleeping bag, tent, pack, cookwear. Bring food and a jacket.

Getting an "Alpine" start is important, so as to take advantage of all available light. A "Joshua Tree" start, when one has been up late the night before for any reason, is unacceptable unless one enjoys epics.

Go for it. Although spontaneity has inspired many such hikes, thorough planning dramatically increases success margins. An itinerary and time schedule should be established, and rigorously adhered to. It is well to begin by selecting an area with which one is familiar, having scoped the possibilities on a previous trip, perhaps. Ascents done "on sight," with no previewing or prior inspection of the route or region is very showy style, but by retracing an earlier visit, one is likely to avoid the consequences of a blown judgment call in routefinding, where an hour's delay can easily cost the peak.

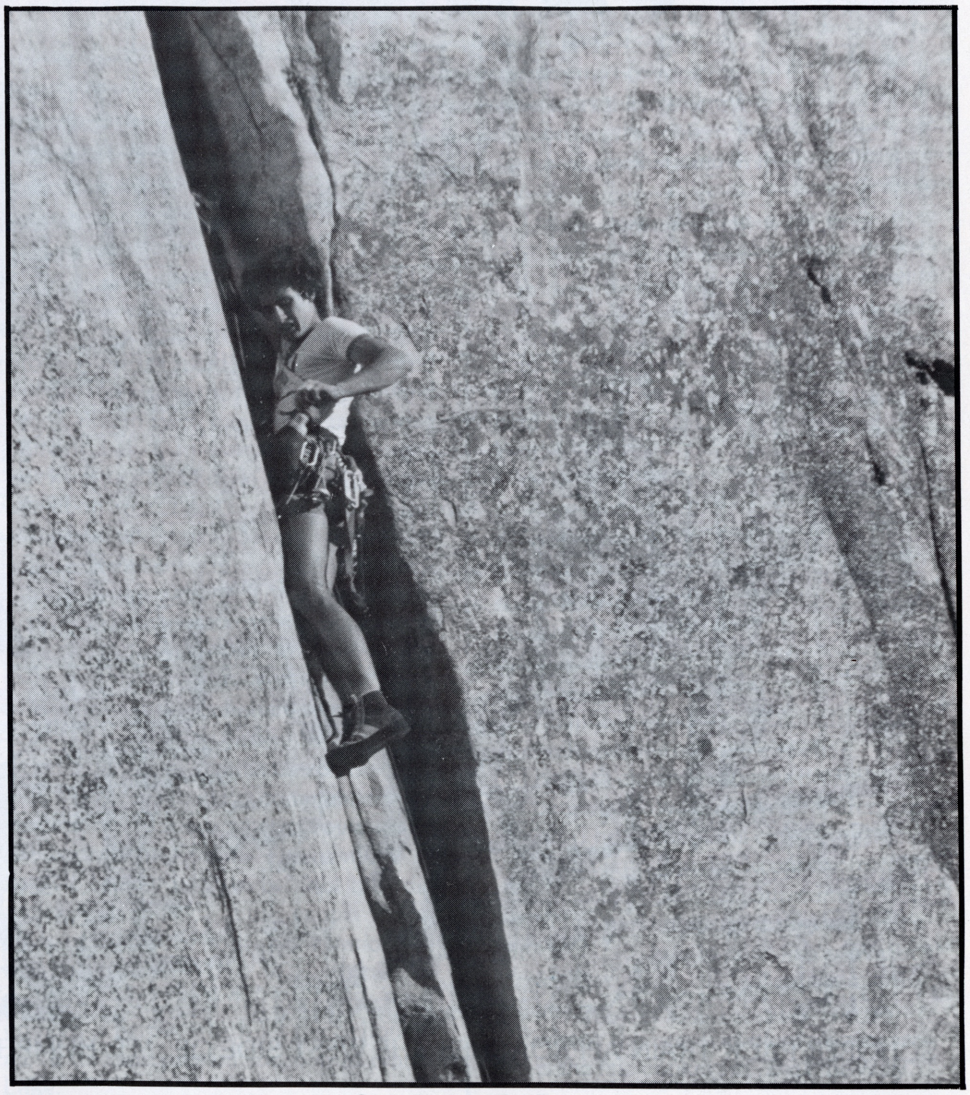
By traveling light and expediently, therefore, the climber is able to broaden the range of his activities, and thereby target a systematic training program for progressively harder climbs. Reflecting on the unexpectedly straightforward nature of the Right Mendal Couloir, Errett Allen feels that he and partner Scott Cole, "could have done it in a day, but it would have been a long day." Although this route, with its approach over Lamark Col from North Lake, was an overnighter, Errett reports some very good door to door times on day-hikes which, with a variety of partners, took him to Mt.Abbott,Mt.Darwin, Basin Mountain, Starr Minaret, and North Peak

"On North Peak, Scott and I were trying this ice chute that you can get to from Saddlebag Lake," Errett described. Descending to Highway 120, the pair were joined by Fred Fieldman, who had day-hiked over the Donahue Pass from Agnew Meadows to greet them.

Many of the peaks along Highway 395, east of the crest, offer third-classable propositions from the car, some with significant elevation gains as the primary challenge. Mt. Morrison, rising 5,000 feet above Convict Lake, is a popular objective, although Scott Burk describes its metamorphic geology as "hideously loose rocks; while climbing it's possible to trundle gigantic rockfall avalanches down the East Face routes, if you're not careful."

Much modern peakbagging is done in the spirit of "Alpine-Ned-ism," as it has been called. "Ned" is a hypothetical personification of a typical climber who is perpetually sandbagged on routes due to inadequate experience or preparation.

By committing oneself to a remote mountaineering objective, within narrow ethical parameters, the peakbagger must face the very real possibility of a cold night out if the realities of the situation exceed expectations. "Alpine-Ned-ism" provides good climbing conditioning by combining rigorous physical training with the sequential judgmental calls which characterize the sport. ■



Scott Burk on "La Esquela"

Photo by Nance Hawkins

Some people say that Dale Piper, who lives in Big Pine, could be Willie Nelson's twin brother. That description of Dale may be a little far-fetched, but you can believe all that is said about his cooking.

Dale is a finely-polished character, yet somehow there are a few rough edges. His hard laugh, long hair, beard and 7 a.m. beer tend to scare some people, but ten minutes with Dale will put anybody's mind at rest. Not only is Dale a retired L.A. County firefighter, but his family ran the food concession at the L.A. County Fair for over 30 years. The thing that you will appreciate most about Dale is his backcountry cooking. Baked ham, roast, steaks, and homemade apple cobbler will make you a believer. An outing with Dale is an outing that both kids and adults will never forget.

Rainbow Pack Station has a special feel to it. A trip with the Berrys is a rare opportunity to take a trip with real working cowboys — and cowgirls. They aren't urban cowboys on a summer vacation, but the "real McCoy."

Just as Rainbow Pack Station has its special feel, so does Schober Pack Station. Walt tends to shy away from the all-expense trips, preferring to take spot trips into some of the most scenic country in the entire Sierra Nevada. His staff is also very different from Mark Berry's. Although Walt grew up on a ranch, he doesn't like to play or look the part of a cowboy. He holds a degree in zoology and his staff is made up of college students and college graduates who have chosen to work as packers because of their great love of the outdoors. One trip into Humphries Basin, Hutchison Meadows, Emerald Lakes, Topsy Turvy or Hungry Packer Lake will quickly help you to understand their love for the mountains. Spending time anywhere up Bishop Creek, from North Lake to South Lake, is like spending time in heaven.

This summer looks like it may prove to be a difficult one for backcountry travelers. It snowed and snowed and snowed this winter. As a result, it will be halfway through the summer before any of the high passes open. This should prove no problem for people who are seeking a 2 to 3 day pack trip, but for those people interested in a longer vacation, I would suggest making reservations for an August trip. Make your reservations as soon as possible, because the packers can only take in so many trips in one month.

If you have never taken a pack trip before, I highly recommend that you do. Stock can cover more ground in a day than a hiker normally could, and you are free to look around you while you move, instead of at your shoes. Horses are sure-footed, so there isn't any need to worry about your horse falling off a cliff. What many people appreciate most about horse packing is that they can visit the wilderness on their terms, which often means gourmet foods, beer galore, thick foam pads and tents that are large enough to stand up in. Try it, you'll like it! ■

Pack Stations

AGNEWS MEADOWS PACK TRAIN

Pack trips of all types to Shadow, Ediza, Garnet, Thousand Island Lakes, and Yosemite National Park. Spectacular scenic loop trips in the Minaret Wilderness area. Write for map and brochure. Open group riding and hiking trips. Packing school offered.

Bob Tanner, Box 395, Mammoth Lakes, CA 93546. Phone Summer (619) 934-2345. Winter (619) 873-3928

FRONTIER PACK TRAIN

Easy access on scenic June Lake Loop serving over 35 lakes in Minaret Wilderness and Yosemite National Park, including Alger and Thousand Island Lakes. Easy access to John Muir Trail. Fishing for rainbow, brook and trophy goldens. Uncrowded deer hunting. All types of pack trips specializing in spot trips, all expense trips and group trips with outstanding service.

Dink Getty, Box 18, Star Rt. 33, June Lake, CA 93529. Phone (619) 648-7701

MAMMOTH LAKES PACK OUTFIT

Pack into the magnificent Mammoth Lakes Sierra for some of the finest stream and lake fishing. Excellent deer hunting. Over 100 lakes, picturesque campsites include Duck, Purple, Virginia, Grassy and Ram Lakes, Fish Creek, Deer Creek and Cascade Valley. Spring and fall horse drives. Packing school, trail rides, photography school, horsemanship school, fly fishing school, natural history ride.

Lou and Mary Roeser, Box 61, Mammoth Lakes, CA 93546. Phone (619) 934-2434 or 934-6161, or (916) 495-2312.

PINE CREEK SADDLE AND PACK TRAIN

High Sierra scenery and fishing at its best with Golden, Eastern Brook and Rainbow trout at your disposal. Located twenty miles northwest of Bishop. Trips available to French Canyon, Granite Park, Muir Trail and Hutchison Meadows. Lakes: Pine, Royce, Morgan, Honeymoon & Gable. Pack trips, full or half day rides, horsemanship camp, wilderness clinic, specialty guided hunting trips. Photography ride, Golden flyfishing ride, 30-day packers school, burros.

Brian and Danica Berner, PO Box 968 Dept. SL, Bishop, CA 93514. Phone (619) 387-2797

RAINBOW PACK OUTFIT

Located on South Fork of Bishop Creek. Packing up through the beautiful South Lake Basin, over Bishop Pass, Dusey Basin, middle fork of the King's River, Kings Canyon Natl Park, John Muir Trail. Kearsarge, Shepherd, Sawmill, Baxter and Taboose Passes. Kern, East, Baxter and Sawmill Lakes, Vidette Meadows and Center Basin. Golden, Rainbow and Eastern Brook trout. Unsurpassed scenery. All kinds of trips.

Mark Berry, PO Box 1791, Bishop, CA 93514. Phone (619) 873-8877

SCHOBER PACK STATION

Located North Fork of Bishop Creek. Pack into Sabrina, Lamark and Humphrey Basins, and French Canyon area. Golden, Brook and Rainbow trout in the 50 lakes of the basins within one day spot pack range. Extended and loop trips via John Muir Trail, Evolution Valley and Kings Canyon National Park. Fishing Trail Rides. Deer hunting zones D-7 and X-9.

Walter and Art Schober, Route 1, Box AA-4, Bishop, CA 93514. Phone Summer (619) 873-4785, Winter (619) 387-2343

VIRGINIA LAKES PACK OUTFIT

Pack into the remote areas of Northeastern Yosemite National Park and the Hoover Wilderness. We provide all types of pack trips specializing in spot trips, all expense trips, trail rides, horse drives, group trips and backpacker drops. Excellent fishing with spectacular scenery is found in over 30 lakes and streams including Smedberg, Rogers, and Benson Lakes and Virginia and Matterhorn Canyons.

Tom Roberts, Star Route 1070, Bridgeport, CA

Poetry of Dan Mankin

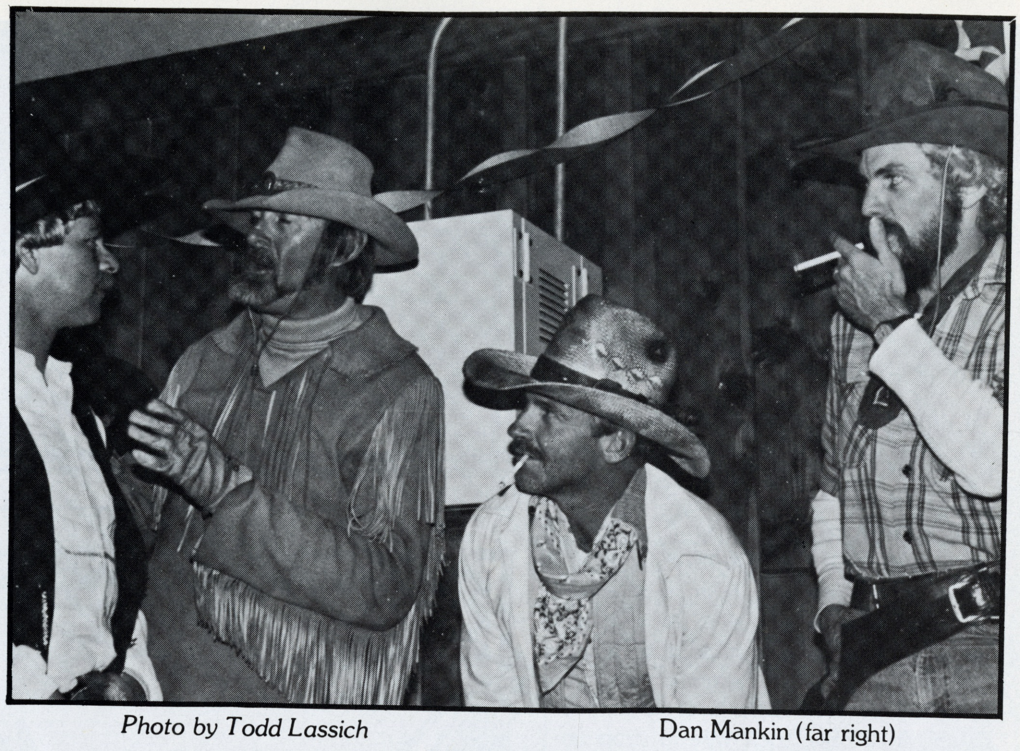


Photo by Todd Lassich

Dan Mankin (far right)

We lost a good friend recently here in the High Sierra. Dan Mankin was Mono County Bureau Chief for *Sierra Daily News*, a talented writer and a warm, sensitive man. We miss him terribly. Dan was 30 years old when he lost his life in a freak accident on the Owens River.

Following are some of Dan's poems.

Editor

L.A. INDIAN

Woke up this morning before the
break of dawn
and crept out of the tent
with the stealth of an L.A. Indian.
Flashlight in hand
I stumbled my way onto
a boulder
overlooking a stream
and facing the rising sun.

I haven't considered my morning trek
a violation of any sort
until the crickets resumed
their concert.
I smiled,
thinkin' they might feel
more comfortable,
and sat still to be less intrusive.

Some flies, beetles and
dragonflies
were adding harmony,
even a few emotional frogs
upstream
decided to play overtime.

Then came the mockingbirds
and cardinals
providing the melody,
timed perfectly to the insect strings.
A jay bird heard
and sang with sincerity
if not talent.
But, it mattered naught
for this mountain concert
was for all.

And finally came woodpecker,
the percussionist,
tapping the beat with the tip
of his beak
I thought he'd knock himself silly.

But he continued to play
and the birds and the flies
and the frogs
all played in harmony.

As the sun ascended over the pines
the concert built to a crescendo
unparalleled in the history of man
So filled with passion was I
by the early dawn carol
that I, too, burst into song.

Like jumping a second back
the symphony ceased.
And a frog took aim on a dragonfly.

MY FRIEND

You act so strong
but live so weak.
You're Clark Kent reversed
Superman the meek.
You put on airs, write with flair,
fabricating yourself.
And all the while you fantasize
You're a bust upon a shelf.

You don't fool me.
You don't fool them.
You don't even fool you.
But you give it one helluva try.

Someday when you're you,
and live your life in truth. . .
we'll hug.

LAUNDROMAT LADY

What'd you do with your smile?
Stash it in a file?
Hide it for awhile?
What'd you do with your smile?

Where'd you get that frown?
Buy it from a clown?
Why do you wear it around?
Where'd you get that frown?

If there's something I can do
to alleviate your blues
all you have to do
is smile.

WELCOME TO MY LIFE

Welcome to my life.
I'm glad you could make it.
You haven't missed much.
A few ups.
A few downs.
A few all-arounds.
Actually,
It's just beginning.

TO TELL THE TRUTH

I scared you with my honesty
when I meant only to impress.
Now I'd like to take it further
so I might dissolve your distress.

Half a truth can be
worse than none;
especially for we who share.
Telling the truth
can be damned hard
when it reveals that I care.

Yes, I care.
I've dared to tred
a land surreal
in search of your heart to steal.
I'll forge ahead,
though the light be dim,
with the hope you'll invite me in.

I see in you beautiful hopes
that dance like the first
breath of spring.
Hopes that with help can be real
as we teach each other to sing.

Walk with me through
blue-green fields
as I rejoice at finding you
among the jungle of strangers
that almost blocked you
from my view.

MY WORLD AND YOU

A soft melody
floats through the blue.
The tall pine bends
to kiss the rose.
Minstrel birds sing
to violin clouds
while sparkling streams shudder
and silver fish giggle
and crickets dance the jig
on toadstool tables.
I love my world
and I love you.

BOBBY

Come and take me by the hand,
let me show you my life's path.
You were a stranger to me once
but I liked the shadow you cast.
You loomed from printed words
like a fairytale prince.
We broke bread and wined,
We've been brothers ever since.

My love for you is deep,
but you fear this love has died.
Please don't listen to my words,
just gaze beyond my eyes.
There you'll see the truth,
why I've got to let you go.
It's my choice for our survival,
as it's the wind's choice to blow.
Bask in the warm hues of a life
and follow my path for a ways,
until your step is steady
and your soul a shimmering blaze.
This I offer in return
for the fruit you've given me
the succulent fruit of love
and the ability to see.
Break away, my brother!
Build a life of your own.
But, please don't forget me, ever.
You'll never be alone.

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